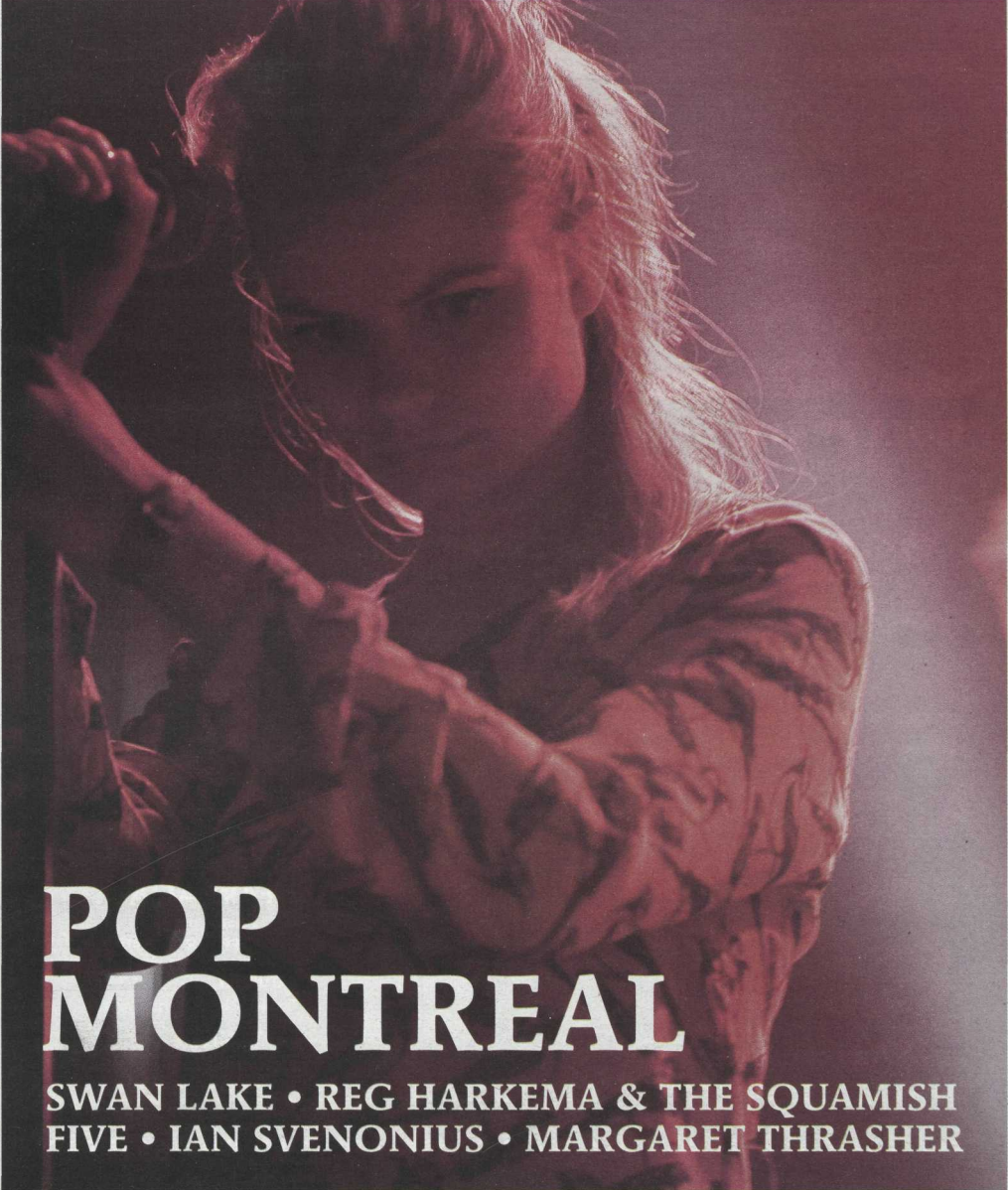


diScordGN

November 2006

That boomshakalaka magazine from CTR 101.9 FM

Free



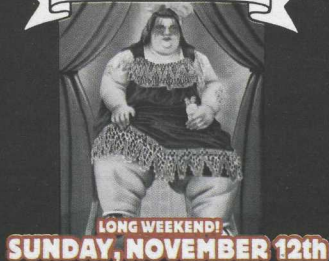
POP MONTREAL

SWAN LAKE • REG HARKEMA & THE SQUAMISH
FIVE • IAN SVENONIUS • MARGARET THRASHER



VANCOUVER'S #1 NIGHTCLUB
BEST MUSIC - BEST SOUND - BEST DJ'S

SPECIAL EVENTS



LONG WEEKEND!
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12th

HOLLABACK

HIGHBALL WEDNESDAYS



VISIT CFOX.COM TO GET ON THE VIP LIST

CONCERT TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR



Thursday, November 9th

**SHOCORE
VS. CRYSTAL PISTOL**



Thursday, November 16th

**NERVE MAGAZINE
FESTIVAL OF GUNS
THE MANVILS & BEND SINISTER**



FRIDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance - Old Skool

**J-SWING (THE BEAT)
& DJ DAVE**
2006 STYLUS AWARD

Get on the guest list at www.plazacub.net

MUSIC

CANNED HAMM

ROCK'N, and DJ TREVOR RISK

CURIO BOOTHS

Mint Records, White Whale Records, Boomba Records,
Sound Document, Scratch Records, Chop Shop Hair Co.,
Preloved Clothing, and Urban Empire



PLUS

**SIDE SHOW ACTS: LOLA DEL CIELO ~ M. PYRESS FLAME
CARNIVAL GAMES**

PRIZES FROM ADRENALINE TATTOOS,
GOLDEN AGE COLLECTABLES, URBAN EMPIRE, & CHOP SHOP

Hip Hop - R&B - Reggae

J SWING - FLIPOUT

\$3

HIGHBALLS

\$3.75 BACARDI BREEZER - \$4 HEINEKEN

LIVE ON AIR!

with DAVID HAWKES

BROADCASTING LIVE ON AIR ON
99.3 THE FOX AT MIDNIGHT - 2 AM

80's & 90's Alternative Classics - British - New Rock - Dance
LIVE MUSIC & DJ CZECH

\$3 HIGHBALLS - \$4 CANADIAN



Thursday, November 23rd

BC/DC World's #1 tribute band



Thursday, November 30th

TV HEART ATTACK

Official CD release party
Free CD with paid cover charge!



SATURDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance

DJ TANNER

Get on the guest list at www.plazacub.net

Get on the VIP/Guest list + Event/Party/Fundraiser bookings

604.646.0064 WWW.PLAZACLUB.NET 881 GRANVILLE STREET

Editor
DAVID RAVENBERGEN
Art Director
WILL BROWN
Production Manager
ALANNA SCOTT
Ad Manager
CATHERINE RANA
RIA Editor
DANNY MCCASH
Datbook Editor
DANNY MCCASH
Review Manager
JORDIE SPARKLE
Layout & Design
WILL BROWN
ALANNA SCOTT

Production Team
WILL BROWN
DAVID FERNIG
NATALIE GARCIA
ROBIN HAWKINS
ARTHUR KRUMINS
DAVID RAVENBERGEN
ALANNA SCOTT
GRAEME WORTHY
AGATA ZUREK

Photo & Illustration
WILL BROWN
JACK DYLAN
SARAH FRANCES HAMMOND
MARIELLE KHO
DORY KORNFELD
SARAH KRAMER
NICOLE ONDRE
LAURA RUSSELL
ALANNA SCOTT
KATHERINE SOMADY
BROCK THIESSEN
JASON TRILL
FRANK YANG

Program Guide
BRYCE DUNN
Charts
LUKE MEAT
Distribution
RICHARD CHAPMAN
US Distribution
FRANKIE RUMBLESTONE
CITR Station Manager
LYDIA MASEMOLA
Publisher
STUDENT RADIO SOCIETY
OF UBC



COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
BY FRANK YANG
www.chromewaves.net

© DISORDER 2006 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Circulation 10,000. Subscriptions, payable in advance, to Canadian residents are \$15 for one year, to residents of the USA are \$15 US; \$24 CDN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage). Please make cheques or money orders payable to DISORDER Magazine. DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the December/January issue is November 20th. Ad space is available until November 21st and can be booked by calling 604.822.3017 ext 3 or emailing disorder.advertising@gmail.com. Our rates are available upon request. DISORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type or via email. As always, English is preferred, but we will accept French. Actually, we won't. Send words to disorderd@gmail.com and art to disorderart@gmail.com. From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CITR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CITR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: citrnmr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.citr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

Regulars

The Gentle Art of Editing	3
David Ravensbergen	
Cinema Aspirant	4
Allan Macinnis	
Strut, Fret and Flicker	5
Penelope Mulligan	
Spectres of Discord	5
David Ravensbergen	
Mixtape	7
Pop Montreal	
Riff Raff	7
Bryce Dunn	
Textually Active	8
Cazine West	
Calendar	18
Nicole Ondre	
Real Live Action	28
Under Review	30
CITR Charts	33
The Dopest Hits of October 2006	
Program Guide	34

Features

Pop Montreal

Our correspondents regale with memoirs of Montreal, and there's not an accent aigue in site. **10**

Margaret Thrasher Won't Be Our Friend

Local punks rage against the myspace machine in tiny shorts. **17**

Monkey Warfare, Direct Action, Bicycles and EBay

The exploits of the Squamish Five reconsidered through the lens of director Reg Harkema. **20**

Halfway To A Threeway

Swan Lake stays humble. A phone call and an email exchange: 1.5 interviews is half of 3. **25**

Illuminated By The Light

Svenonius is hard to spell just like Ahmadinejad. They both don't think the United States is a very good place to be. **26**

Eventual Juxtaposition: College-Quality Music vs Quality College Music **32**

the Gentle Art of Editing

WRITING THE EDITORIAL FEELS a little different this month. Maybe it's because I've returned victorious from a week of Francophone decadence, and the re-adjustment to life in sleepy Vancouver is taking a little longer than expected. It could be a result of my significant other's recent acquisition of the prefix, 'in,' and the subsequent emotional turmoil. But that's not quite it. It's got to be my work stance—facing due north where once I gazed east. Earlier this month, in a fit of dissatisfaction with the long, straight countertop-style layout that's ruled this office since time immemorial, we removed screws and tore planks to create a sleek, perpendicular design. With the bonus addition of two slices of new RAM, *Disorder* feels reorganized and rejuvenated, ready to take on the long gloom of November.

The makeover continues with this month's cover, the first live shot featured in a long while. The red, ponderous woman that convinced you to pick up this magazine is Henriette Sennenvault, lead singer of Danish band Under Review. Her understated presence and captivating vocals crowned the band's opening set for Joanna Newsom at Pop Montreal, and the cover photo comes to us cloaked in mystery from their second appearance at the festival. Speaking of Pop, this month's festival coverage is unique in its avoidance

of the word 'retrospective'. By all means, enjoy our memories, impressions and musings from the early days of October—we just won't ask you to look back.

Looking forward, I must say that I found Douglas Rushkoff's column in the latest issue of *Arthur* to be an inspiring call to shake off the shackles of politeness and start calling uncomfortable political developments by their true names. He rightly explains that material comfort and relative stability are impediments to meaningful political action, but that doesn't mean we have to keep telling ourselves little fables about the efficacy and nobility of democracy. Well, I may be ready to say "civil war", but I'm not totally on board with "fascism"—yet. Perhaps I just need an improved understanding of history, as legendary punk intellectual Ian Svenonius advocates in this month's interview about his recently released collection of essays, *The Psychic Soviet*. If you're ready to skip straight to more Direct Action, turn to page 20 for a discussion of the Squamish Five with filmmaker Reg Harkema.

That's it for this month. Time to wrap this little bundle up tight and ship it off to the printers with love. **D**

David Ravensbergen, Editor
disorderedd@gmail.com

Red Cat Records 4307 Main St.



New & Used CD's & Vinyl
ph. 708-9422 * email buddy@redcat.ca
bring in your Friend of Disorder card and receive 20% off

CITR 101.9 FM presents... the longest running music battle in Vancouver

SHINDIG

NOVEMBER LINEUP

7th Huge Manatease
Bionic Owls
Fond of Tigers

14th D.Trevlon
The Choir Practice
It's A Living Thing

Semis #1

21st The Pack
jump+dash
Organ Trail

Semis #2

28th Oct 24th Winner
Oct 31st Winner
Nov 7th Winner

Semis #3

Every Tuesday night, shows at 9PM
The Railway Club (Seymour/Dunsmuir)



* Bands subject to change.
For the latest schedules and results, visit:
<http://www.citr.ca>

OUR GREAT SPONSORS:



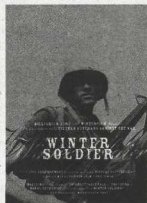
CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.

The Berrigan Brothers, the Vietnam War, and Models of Resistance

"If you want to follow Jesus, you had better look good on wood." —Daniel Berrigan



Sunshine Coast artist and anarchist Maurice Spira has little use for religion, saying that even the compost in his garden has "a cosmology and a deeper meaning about transitional form in life that is so much more profound than your ridiculous,

imaginary supposed deities and their dreadfully psychotic trips that they pull." In an interview with him earlier this year, I argued that both religion and the concept of the sacred can have value, and that he'd thrown the baby out with the bathwater. To show he'd considered the idea, he acknowledged that radical priests in Latin America and the Berrigan brothers had done good things in the name of their God, but were, by far, the exception. I'd read about liberation theology, but the reference to the Berrigans eluded me. The fact that, given his hostility toward religion, Spira actually respected what they stood for prompted me to do some research.

Phillip and Daniel Berrigan were Catholic priests who, in the 1950s and 60s, grew increasingly disgusted with the compromised conservatism of the church, and its remove from the lives of the poor that it purported to help. They sought a model of Christianity that allowed them to actively engage in providing social and economic justice for their wards, and to protest against racism and the killing of peasants, women, and children in Vietnam and elsewhere. Their increasing radicalization culminated in a demonstration where Phillip Berrigan, as part of the Baltimore Four, poured blood—including some of his own—on Selective Service records, saying, "This sacrificial and constructive act is meant to protest the pitiful waste of American and Vietnamese blood in Indochina." Following Christ's direction to not be afraid of the cross, the four peacefully awaited their arrest, handing out Bibles to onlookers. While Phillip was out on bail for this "crime," Phillip, Daniel, and a group of anti-war activists concocted a batch of homemade napalm and set fire to 378 draft records at Catonsville, Maryland. Both men ended up on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives list and eventually served time in prison. After their release, they remained true to their vision of a life after Christ, often to the horror and embarrassment of the church and wrath of the state. Phillip died in 2002, but Daniel Berrigan remains active in the anti-war movement, appearing in *Rush to War*, a 2004 film about Iraq.

There are four other remarkable movies that feature one or both of the Berrigans, or were inspired by their works. Unfortunately, the most significant of these

are very hard to find, only ever having been released on VHS. *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is based on Berrigan's play; unselfconsciously stagey, it allows the defendants at Catonsville to explain how their action, while criminal, was a profoundly moral act. It's an inspiring and very well acted film that raises questions of how far activism can go, and features Peter Strauss, John Vernon, and Donald Moffat (the guy who doesn't want to spend the whole winter tied to a fucking couch in John Carpenter's *The Thing*). Similarly, *In the King of Prussia*, which stars the Berrigans as themselves, deals with their involvement in the Plowshares Movement, which saw the priests and their cohorts invading missile plants to hammer on warheads or pour blood on them.

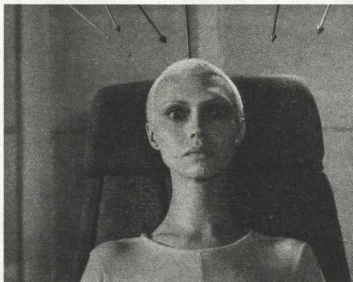
In the King of Prussia was directed by controversial documentarian Emile de Antonio. Another of his films featuring Daniel Berrigan is available on DVD: *In the Year of the Pig*, about the Vietnam War. Berrigan speaks about a peace mission he undertook with historian Howard Zinn, going into North Vietnam against the protests of the US government to negotiate the safe return of three captive pilots, for which J. Edgar Hoover labelled them "traitors." Though the scope of the documentary is much larger than Berrigan's scene, it's essential viewing, along with *Hearts and Minds* and *Winter Soldier*, for anyone interested in Vietnam. De Antonio's engaged documentaries are often described as antecedents for the filmmaking of Michael Moore, but unlike Moore, De Antonio is relatively careful and scrupulously well-researched.

A more conventional Hollywood movie featuring Daniel Berrigan in an acting role is Roland Joffe's 1986 film *The Mission*, starring Robert de Niro and Jeremy Irons. (The novel and screenplay for the film were written by Robert Bolt, who wrote *A Man for All Seasons*, about the martyrdom of St. Thomas More.) A spectacular period piece, it's quite moving, and true to the spirit of Berrigan's work, involves Jesuit priests in 18th Century South America defending a remote tribe against enslavement by the Portuguese. Berrigan plays Sebastian.

Two minor side-notes: though the left applauds the Berrigans' anti-war activism, both were also, less famously, involved in protests against abortion, which may not win them fans in all camps. Finally, if Ann Hansen's book *Direct Action* is any indication, Phillip Berrigan may well be the inspiration of an infamous bit of graffiti on Commercial Drive, "Jail the Real Terrorists, Litton, BC Hydro, Red Hot Video," a slogan that existed for years after the so-called Squamish Five were arrested. (Phillip Berrigan is paraphrased by Hansen on page 275 as making a similar statement, though he goes on to say that "bombs should not be a strategy of non-violence," for reasons that are somewhat obvious.) Those interested in this topic are further directed to my interview with filmmaker Reg Harkema elsewhere in this issue, on his upcoming feature, *Monkey Warfare*. **D**

STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan



Aelita, Queen of Mars

FANTASTIK RUSSIA

The Film Festival only wrapped a fortnight ago and the Cinematheque is already wotting us back into the dark with an extraordinary collection of celluloid dreams. Touring selected art houses in North America, *From the Tsars to the Stars: A Journey Through Russian Fantastik Cinema* is impressively curated—not least in respect to its historical sprawl. Hitting nearly every decade from cinema's earliest days to the present (only the 1940s and, curiously, the 1990s are not represented), the films flicker away in a world parallel to the social and political upheavals that have defined Russia for the last century. The series' appeal is just as broad: sci-fi buffs, fantasy freaks, lovers of silent movies, those who enjoy Soviet kitsch, space travel archivists and people who breath heavily over decor and costume—there are points of entry for them all, often within the same film.

Unlike a lot of Eastern European fare from the 1970s and 80s, the films in this series weren't censored on home turf. Some of the most innovative science fiction pieces, for example, were victims of the Cold War and received little or no distribution in the west, even though they reputedly blow most American product from the era clean out of the galaxy. (As early as 1936, *Cosmic Voyage* had set the bar for celluloid space travel.) And if you thought that Hollywood's vultures have only been active in the last decade or so of eurofilm re-makes, take a look at 1959's *The Heavens Call* and 1961's *Planet of Storms* for evidence of some serious plagiarism. Certain well-known American directors even bought the films and turned them into spare parts depots for their own work.

As with German Expressionist film, the silent offerings in the package reflect their era's major movements in modern art. *Aelita, Queen of Mars* promises to be especially hirsute in this regard. The 1924 extravaganza features constructivist sets and cubist costumes vying for attention with a plot that sounds wonderfully camp and, in retrospect, satirical (a Red Army soldier tries to start a workers' revolution on Mars).

Only one piece shows up from the brief period immediately prior to Soviet collapse, when a restless combination of psychological anarchy and Eastblock magic realism started appearing in films and literature. *Zero City* (1988) swoons heavier on the comedy than much of that era's output, but echoes of Bunuel and Kafka should keep it dark enough to reflect its time and place.

On the contemporary front, there are chances to see what's been packing them into Russia's multiplexes as well as to contemplate what your hipster counterpart has embraced as homegrown cult film. A stylish example of the latter is *To the Stars* by Hard Ways, an interplanetary drama with a strong environmental—and anti-corporate—message. (What you'll be seeing here is the 2001 restored version of the 1981 original.) Its heroine, looking like the impeccably cool frontwoman for a German industrial band, is actually a humanoid from a dying planet who petitions

earth for help (as if we knew any better). Unlike most aliens and androids from western sci-fi, the Russian versions have a soulful quality that's quite emotionally engaging. Best line? A statement from the end credits: "All footage of the dying planet Dessa was shot on planet earth."

Amid the relative obscurities in the series are two films which have had major international exposure since release. Both directed by Andrei Tarkovsky, they are essential inclusions because of their iconic status in the fantasy genre and a big screen revisit will be most welcome. *Solaris* (1972) is possibly the most poignant science fiction film ever made and as much a journey into the psyche as into space. It also does some crucial things with the concept of ghosts. And if you profess to be a film buff, but haven't yet seen 1979's *Stalker*, then your time is up, babe. Don't arrive sleep-deprived or hungry, as you'll need a raging alertness to make it through the mind-bending, at times exhausting landscape ahead. The rewards are great—among them, images that will take up residence in your head like a bevy of prophetic nutters.

With a total of 14 features and two shorts on the programme, the foregoing is only half the story. Consult the programme guide for full details. From the Tsars to the Stars: A Journey Through Russian Fantastik

Cinema plays the Pacific Cinematheque from 1-22 November. For dates and times, phone 604-688-3456 or visit www.cinematheque.bc.ca.



To the Stars

SPECTRES OF DISCORD by David Ravensbergen

Surrey In Effect WHALLEY CHAMP

On a recent trip to Vancouver Island, I loitered by the tourism brochures as I waited for the ferry to dock. Glancing over the usual invitations to sail with the orcas or get scared on the suspension bridge, my attention fell on a brightly-coloured little pamphlet with an unbelievable slogan. "It's alright here in Surrey" went the pitch, likely to attract only the most discerning of suburban explorers. It seems the spin doctors in the City of Parks ran out of ideas, and have resorted to plain, unapologetic honesty. "I mean, it's okay here, if you're into endless grids of identical houses, strip malls and one of the highest auto-crime rates in North America, but it's nothing too special."

Before launching the campaign, Surrey's top brass should've consulted page 14 of the November '88 issue of *Discorder*, which features a lovely article entitled "I Live in Surrey By Force". The writer details an ingenious marketing contest called "88 Great Things About Surrey", masterfully named to coincide with the date. Sweetened with a \$2500 prize, the contest wasn't actually a contest at all—rather, it was a random payout to whoever could summon anything nice to say about the city. "In typically well-thought-out Surrey fashion, not only did the entry forms have only 20 blanks to fill in, but the quantity and quality of one's Great Things had no bearing whatsoever on one's chances of winning. It was a DRAW. Pure dumb luck." Something tells me that Surrey's newly updated tourist lure wasn't the product of deliberate choice either.

Lamenting a squandered chance for easy money, the *Discorder* malcontent attempted to summon a few decent things that could've been featured on the contest form. "For one, you can still walk around in Surrey with Skinny Puppy hair and freak people out. Time-warped city. In Surrey people still keep combs at a visible position in the back pocket of their jeans. No matter that the jeans are acid-wash; some things never change." I might replace the word 'combs' with 'guns', but then again I've always been a bit



November 1988

of an alarmist. In some magical pockets of Whalley, though, the acid wash remains the same.

So what was the Great Thing that took all the marbles back in '88? "All the friendly people." This didn't sit too well with our writer, who snidely asserted, "I'll keep that in mind the next time I'm getting my head kicked in at Whalley Exchange." I think that's going a little far; folks ain't all bad in Surrey. They're just alright.



Ache Records
Specializing in **Indie**

achearecords.com

also available:

Konono No1
Congrotronics LP
experimental African Trance accidentally
mutated via DIY amplification.

2UP

Temendo Mondo Trash CD
Japanese disposable party trash.
Members of Total Fury & Demonstrations
"noised-out, stressed-out, frenetic and
unrelenting." - Popmatters.com

Rouhan Orksteri /
Loucheat Lampoat

Syllasain out CD
Finish free jazz filled with a rarely
encountered joyful energy. "glorious,
sprawling, (and) playful" - Beatroute

coming soon:

Secret Mommy

Plays CD
New full length created entirely from
acoustic instruments. Featuring
Jesse Labor of FOND OF TIGERS,
Sean Mavey, Barry Hugginson, and
Sarah Lane of THE JOES, Shane
Krause and Ryan McCormick of
THEY SHOOT HORSES. Too &
Tyr of THE WINKS, and more.

Winning

This is An Ad For Cigarettes CD
It's either a deliberate, mediated
attack on punk culture, or an
homage and extension of it. The
chaotic and seemingly careless
execution would suggest the former,
while the deep, brooding melodies
would imply the latter.



THE WINKS Birthday Party CD

An elegant blend of modern fervor with an old-world charm, Birthday Party
glitters with a timeless yet quirky pop panache. Primarily cello, mandolin,
vocals, and percussion, The Winks are entirely void of any of the
instruments traditionally used within rock music. Yet the structure, song
writing, and execution suggests a contemporary pop spirit, rich with rock
grandeur. Their most accomplished and focussed work to date; welcome to
the year of The Wink.



GREG DAVIS / Of split 7"

The fifth instalment of our Divorce Split 7" Series. One new piece by both
artists. Both camps find sturdy route in field recording acousticism, and
these tracks illustrate the meditative nature of these artists. Water trickles,
harps swell, and winds howl, while traditional instruments contemplate their
natural surroundings.

also available:

K02006 & K02 Comando | Sightings & Hivestick | Matmos & Die Monte Batts | Hella & Four Tet



JAB MICA OCH EL ABC Hej I'm Cola CD/limited edition LP

Modern electronic manipulation coalesces with robust and celebratory
cartoon melodies on the debut full length release by the Danish duo.
"This record is inexplicably amazing. I kept waiting for the music to kick in
after the Tigerbait-style easy listening intro - and then I realized the intro
was no intro at all... ABC Hej I'm Cola is a complex yet lightweight layering
of very subtle splintered electronics and beats with traditional horns, bariolos
and percussion. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was playing Japanese
videogames or taking a relaxing stroll in cloud heaven. If grindcore were
yellow, this would be blue." - Slug Magazine

RUMBLETONE PRESENTS

!!!!!!!!!!!!

ROBYN HITCHCOCK and the VENUS 3



+THE MINUS 5 & THE BUTTLESS CHAPS

!!!!!!!!!!!!

SUNDAY NOV. 26 THE RED ROOM

TICKETS ON SALE NOV. 1
at SCRATCH, ZULU, RED CAT,
HIGHLIFE and NOIZE!

www.myspace.com/frankrumbletone

!!!!!!!!!!!!

**NORTHERN
ELECTRIC**

New Releases!

Available NOW!
GREAT AUNT IDA
"How They Fly"

NOV 7 Release
BUGHOUSE 5
"24 Hour Charlie"

NOV 21 Release
VIEWS Soundtrack
VARIOUS ARTISTS

FLOPHOUSE JR.
GREAT AUNT IDA
PRETTY GREEN
HERALD NIX
RODNEY DECROD

MICHELLE RUMBALL

VIOLET ARCHERS

BEEKEEPERS

AMY HONEY

RONNIE ARTUR

RAE SPOON

THE KNOTTY PINES

DOUG ANDREW

BUGHOUSE 5

DAVID P. SMITH

HEARTWARMONGERING

GOLDEN WEDDING BAND



AVAILABLE NOW
GREAT AUNT IDA
"HOW THEY FLY"

"The songs are hypnotic, piano tells you, the voice lures you, inviting you in to the songs,
sultry textured, tender, spinning around your head, convincing you, a silky sweet song."
- American IV

www.greatauntida.com - www.northern-electric.ca

ART MARKET AT SOMA

THINGS MADE AND SOLD BY LOCAL DESIGNERS

2528 MAIN STREET

NOVEMBER 25TH

10AM-6PM

Contribute to Discorder!

Write a story!
Review a show!
Review an album!
Draw a picture!
Take a photo!

FIND OUT MORE BY SENDING US AN EMAIL!

Words & Letters ⇨ discorderd@gmail.com

Art & Photos ⇨ discorderart@gmail.com

diScorDeN



MIXTAPE

Pop Montreal

AN AUDIBLE AMBLE
by David Ravensbergen

WHETHER YOU'VE GOT AN ACTUAL destination or not, a road trip is really just an excuse to cozy up behind the wheel and listen to some albums. As the miles go rolling by, the music becomes like a second landscape, an extra dimension of the journey. Once you've returned home, your exploits complete and a regular routine resumed, hearing a song from your trip can conjure up dormant memories, returning you to a long lost head-space. While I didn't exactly have a mix playing with me on a bombbox during my recent trip to Montreal, these songs comprised part of the experience, and still hold the power to whisk me away from work and press deadlines back to Canada's fairest city.

1. Rufus Wainwright - Oh What a World

I can't get on a plane without listening to this song. It's the perfect sing-a-long while you're packing your bags, and makes you feel like the lead character in a Broadway musical. Play this one loud and puff up your chest with anticipation.

2. Mr. Scruff - Ug / DJ Vadim & Motion Man - The Terrorist

My first night in town unexpectedly featured a Ninja Tune staff party at Casa del Popolo. The DJ-worshipping crowd took me back to my teenage years, when I obsessively rocked their downtempo beats in my headphones all year round. This track, taken from DJ Food & DK's *Now, Listen!* album in the Solid Steel series, provides a hilarious update on Mr. Scruff's classic dance-floor banger. Motion Man's declaration, "I am the terrorist! T-E-R-R-O-R-IST!" is not to be played in airports.

3. Pop Levi - Mourning Light

Naman, one of my gracious hosts in Montreal, currently works as an intern at Ninja Tune, where he goes once a week to peel stickers and perform various sweatshop music industry tasks. He's been involved in Ninja Tune's promotional drive for one of their recent signs, Pop Levi, and immediately started ranting about him as soon as I arrived. After starting at Mr. Levi's face on posters all over the city, I finally saw him play towards the end of Pop. Aside from being impressed by his tight pants, I haven't yet made up my mind on his British rock god moves. This song sounds like Iggy Pop.

4. Grizzly Bear - Plans

This album was in heavy rotation for me just before I hopped the plane, and this song's dripping plod makes for a good travel companion. The lyric, "It's a long way to South America" could be a reminder to my friend Dawson, who finds himself in the unfortunate position of studying Spanish in a town that actively pushes French in your face. Also, "every option I have costs more than I've got" speaks to Ethan, my other apartment-hoosier, whose journey through the kitchens of Montreal carries with it the heavy odour of George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*.

5. Do Make Say Think - Fredericia

Being in the home of Constellation records pretty much demands that I include some Montreal post-rock here. This song used to give me the chills, but I've heard the rise and fall a few too many times now. Still, it reminds that much good is contained in the crescendo.

6. Spank Rock - Bump

Montreal makes you feel like you need new clothes just to go shopping. When I ventured out to the boutiques to update my wardrobe, this song followed me wherever I went. The lyrics are a little too racy for my tastes, but the simple, stuttering beat and the 8-bit synth wash just kills me.

7. Holy Fuck - Tone Bank Jungle

This was one band that I desperately wanted to see live at Pop, but it

was not meant to be. I'll have to settle for this pounding instrumental, that sounds pleasantly like the theme from *Peter Gunn*.

8. Professor Murder - Free Stress Test

Synthesizer, meet cowbell. Together you will join forces with Professor Murder's patented "nonsense vocals" to create a righteous dance party. Check out the brief interview a few pages down to learn more.

9. Dragonette - I Get Around

It bothered me to listen to this song, because I knew that it would never be this good again. I knew that if I played it again it would get lodged deeper in my brain, and it would start down the path to hate that I have trod with all my favourite songs. I despise what this song does to me, how it makes me vulnerable to the kind of jobs I'm going to receive from people who are going to look at me and say, "yeah, it's ok, but it's really not that good." But it is that good, right now at least.

10. Think About Life - Paul Cries

This band features Montreal experimentalist Dishwasher, who by all indications makes music with a vacuum cleaner. And they cite Michael Jordan and Magic Johnson as major influences. Dissonant keyboards and childish vocals show these fellows have indeed thought about life, and they've decided it's fun and worth hollering about. And making techy hi-hat noises about. Somehow their sing-talk harmonies make me feel like everything is going to be okay, even when the vacation ends.

11. Woodie Guthrie - Rye Whiskey

"Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I crave, if I don't get rye whiskey I'll go to my grave." Whiskey was the Pop Montreal drink of choice, following me from show to show in a paper bag in my back pocket. Woodie is the obvious influence on so many of the boys with guitars playing around town, and he kept me company on a lovely drive through the maples outside the city in the Eastern Townships.

12. Patrick Watson - Luscious Life

Waiting in line for my free drinks at the Pop launch party, a snooty journalist from Musique Plus bugged in front of me. When she condescended to engage me in conversation, she made sure I knew that she'd just interviewed "P-Wat". I nodded and swallowed, like I understood. It turns out Patrick Watson is the big name in town, and he sounds like the second coming of Jeff Buckley on this track.

13. Joanna Newsom - Sawdust & Diamonds

Joanna's narrative in this song reminds me of the tragedy of the crossroads, of all the possible futures that are killed when a particular path is chosen. Her warble is pensive but never melodramatic, and the soothing rush of the harp gives voice to forgotten regrets and desires. This song has taken up permanent residence in my head since I saw it performed live at the Ukrainian Federation, and I don't expect it to leave anytime soon.

14. Beach House - Saltwater

The opening track to these Carpark nostalgists' self-titled debut closes the proceedings. The warm distortion of the organ and the decaying beat form a safe little enclosure to hole up in, before venturing out once more to be battered by the world. Unbeknownst to me at the time, the end of the trip also signaled the impending end of a relationship, and the refrain "Love you all the time, even though you're not mine" seems particularly fitting now. 

RIFF RAFF

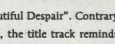
Bryce Dunn

CAUSE COMMOTION, COMET GAIN,
THE LONG BLONDES, SOME ACTION



Doesn't happen very often that I get sent stuff for review, let alone from an actual label, so colour me surprised when I received a package from What's Your Rupture? Records, an upstart New York-based gang with some pretty cool bands to

boot. **Cause Commotion** are from Brooklyn, and of the two 7"s I got, their latest slab is a quirky pop party reminiscent of early **Beat Happening** or **The Clean**, with its minimalist approach to form. Slightly off key but fantastically played is the charm of "Which Way is Up?" "Falling Again", credited to a Jane Fox, is a love song channeled by nerdy desperation and naive sincerity. **Comet Gain**, from the UK, are the older siblings to CC's younger brethren. They've been around the block and then some with their own brand of ramshackle pop based on the musings of singer/guitarist David Christian, as noted on their most recent 12" single "Beautiful Despair". Contrary to what is written in the liner notes, the title track reminds me of **Brian Jonestown Massacre** and not **The Television Personalities**. There's a real drone-y vibe flowing through this tune, and the female vocals on "Never Die" characterize a little more of what the TPs were all about. Flip it over and you get "Mainlining Mystery (Finchley Road)", an over five-minute excuse in beat poetry. The style isn't really my bag, but the story connected to the song is good for a laugh, even if it's not true. Guest appearance by Chris Applegren (formerly of **The Peechees** and **The Pattern**) on drums gives these tunes a bit of special flavour. Over in Sheffield **The Long Blondes** are making the scene with their post-punk leanings on their newest 12" **The Giddy Stratospheres** EP, merging ESG-like dance beats to sweet 'n' sour vocals, as on the title cut and "Autonomy Boy". "Polly" pays homage to fifties bubblegum ballads and "Darts" makes short punk rock work of the leisure-sport-of-the-pub set. You can peep all these releases and more by going to myspace.com/whatyourupture.



Coincidentally wrapping up with another New York label and band, **Some Action** have proven the reasoning behind the name by giving the lonesome and disparaging garage rocker music to rock and roll to, which counts for a lot considering the long history of great New York music that these dudes are following in the footsteps of. I hear all sorts of **Devil Dogs**-related rockin' in "Fine China", especially in the piano parts. "Don't You Look For Me" rips it up like the mighty **Dictators**, with its blazing guitar work running circles around the line "I've been around!" as though we should have known all along. Indeed these guys have been, as I picked their first EP almost three years ago and now, with their debut full length ready to blast off, it's only a matter of time before you will finally get what you've always wished for—some action! Don't delay, call today! (Gigantic Music, 59 Franklin St. Suite 403 New York, NY USA 10013 or myspace.com/someaction).



Enjoy, and we'll see you next time! 

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Inkstuds

Don't Go Where I Can't Follow

BY ROBIN MCCONNELL



Recently, I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the Small Press Expo in Bethesda, Maryland. Attendance was a mixed blessing: I was able to meet lots of great artists and check new and upcoming creators, but

on the other side, I spent way too much money on too many awesome books. I hope I can highlight a sampling of some of the great stuff. On my journey home, my traveling companion and I compared discoveries of coolness, and I found my bounty was extremely lacking.

One of my best purchases was Anders Nilen's memorial tribute to his fiancé, Cheryl Weaver, and her battle with cancer. Anders is one of my favourite creators in comics today. In the past I have talked about his very sparse monologues in the *Mome* anthology from Fantagraphics, which is an excellent experiment, but his work here maintains the experimental aspect while creating a very purposeful book. *Don't Go Where I Can't Follow*, published by Drawn and Quarterly, is a highly personal journey celebrating the love shared between Anders and Cheryl, remembering the adventures, but also the heartbreaking reality of the situation. Anders uses an array of media and styles to tell a tale that shifts from personal correspondence, polaroids of a vacation together, personal journal entries, and finally, a beautifully rendered telling of the spreading of Cheryl's ashes. *Don't Go Where I Can't Follow* is guaranteed to break the heart of any reader, but is an important testament to honesty and remembrance, not often found in the cold world of comics.

Another purchase highlight is Paul Hornschemeier's *Forlorn Funnies* collection. *Let Us Be Perfectly Clear*. Published by the always dependable Fantagraphics, Paul shows incredible strength as a cartoonist with this awesome flip book of both sad and fun comics. Paul's previous collection of self-published work, *Sequential*, was the work of a creator still finding his identity. *Let Us Be* is an incredibly well-designed book, which shows Paul sparing no expense in using each page to the best of his ability. Not by making a busy comic with dizzying detail, but rather a great mix of characters and colour that doesn't disappoint. He has balance that keeps the reader engaged: never full-out silly or morbidly sad, he takes cues from masters like Dan Clowes and hews it all together into a delightful mess. My personal favourite is "Return of the Elephant", by far one of the creepiest stories I have ever read.

I had never seen David King's work before the expo, but bought several minis on merit of art alone. Being conveniently seated close to Ivan Brunetti probably helped to bring me over to sample his wares, but I was more than happy to purchase some small creative pieces. Published under the moniker of Reliable Comics, David is creating some interesting and well-crafted books of clever humour with a great eye for cartooning. My favourite strip from his mini-comics that I picked up

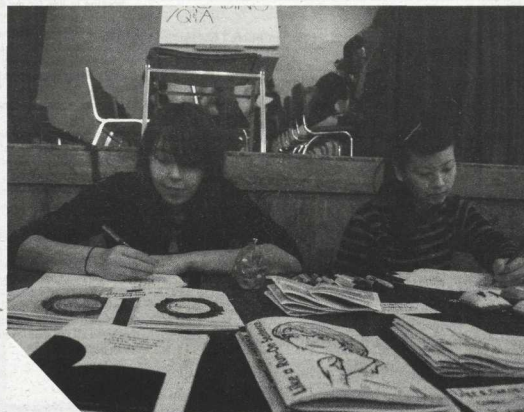
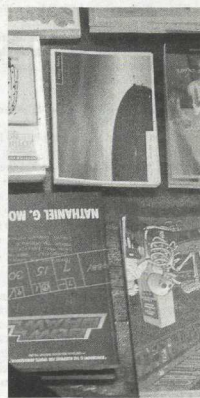
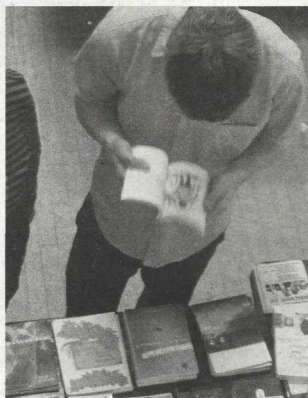
is called the *class liar*, with a young boy spewing out some memorable lines that hark back to my own childhood, such as, "My brother has a machete and three ninja throwing stars! He ordered them from a catalogue and forged his age!"

I can't talk about purchases at SPX without mentioning *Curses*, by comic golden boy Kevin Huizenga. Winner of an Ignatz award for best story, Kevin is a cartoonist set to catapult into popularity. *Curses* collects the long out of print first issue of his ongoing series, *Or Else*, as well as a large selection of material previously available only in anthologies. Kevin spins a unique grouping of tales in a semi-auto-bio format that reflects his own quest for knowledge. One of the standouts is "Jeepers Jacobs", a story originally published in vol. 5 of the almighty *Kramers Ergot* anthology. It's a beautifully rendered story of questioning and understanding faith at the same time. Kevin's literary ability is almost academic, without making me want to throw the book at the closest snooty English lit major.

This is only a small sampling of my scores. I should also give a shout-out to Ed Brisson's *You Ain't No Dancer*, an anthology of web and print cartoonists. Gabrielle Bell debuted her collection *Lucky* at the Drawn and Quarterly table, and sold a new mini book set in an odd surreal dream called *My Affliction*. New Yorker Liz Baillie's series of mini-comics, *My Brain Hurts*, is an excellent story of teens facing difficulties addressing their own sexuality in a confrontational world, without being cheesy or preachy. Google her. She has a great site with more mini awesomeness.

Don't forget to listen to the Inkstuds radio show, every Thursday at 2pm on CITR, to get the scoop on more comics you should be reading.

D





DISCONO INOLTRE 1500
PER INFORMAZIONI E DIMOSTRAZIONI

SPECIAL

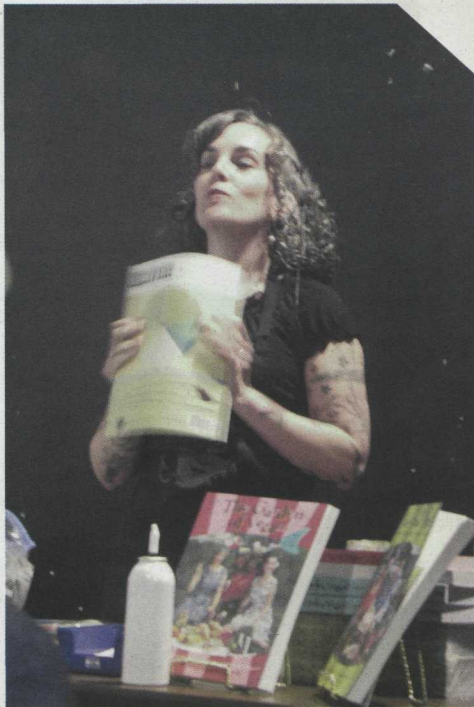
COLLEZIONE

4 porte
100 km/h

5

2 5 0 5 0

NET 62 g



WORDS BY BROCK THIESSEN
PHOTOS BY BROCK THIESSEN AND LAURA RUSSELL

A collage featuring a man's face, a map of Africa, a pie chart, and various text elements including "THEY'RE A WHOLE LOT BETTER WITH A HONEY MOON TO MAKE YOUR HAND" and "DO YOU WANT MORE? MORE? MORE!".

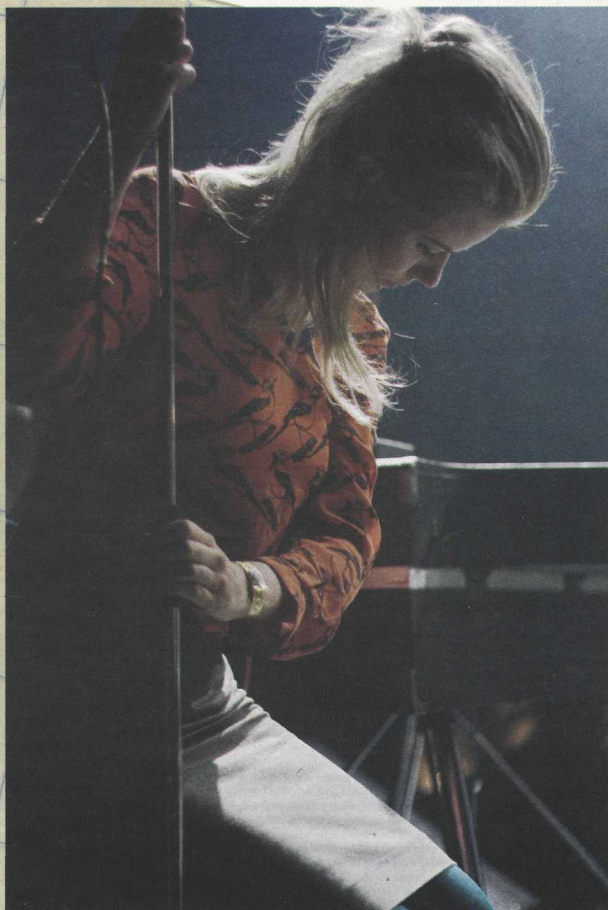


Photo by Frank Yang | www.chromewaves.net

Henriette Sennwaldt of Under Byen

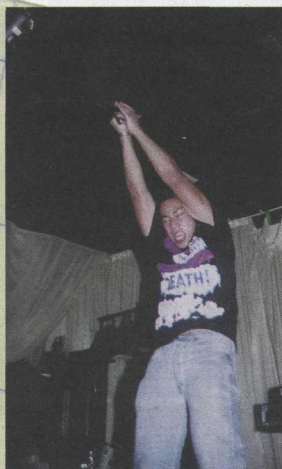


Photo by Katherine Somody

Cadence Weapon



Photo by Katherine Somody

Islands

pop MONTREAL

SNAPSHOTS OF MONTREAL IN FALL: an endless procession of the latest cold weather fashions marches along streets lined with winding fire escapes; maple leaves flourish with a decidedly un-Canadian extravagance; a diverse group of creative anachronism types get in a few last Sunday battles in the park before the winter moves in and basement D&D sessions become the only outlet for sublimated barbaric desires. That, and every lamp-post is plastered with a brightly-coloured soda pop poster, declaring for all to see that "Our festival is better". It's Pop Montreal talking, and I'm inclined to agree.

With a lineup of 333 bands playing in close to 30 venues all across the city of Mount Realer (to quote Cadence Weapon on the burg: *shit is extra real in Quebec*), it's hard to imagine another festival—at least in Canada—being able to compete. This glowing appraisal doesn't even take the Pop multimedia satellites into account: Film Pop, Art Pop, and the enigmatic Poces Pop, a large arts and crafts exhibition, all clamour for the beleaguered festival-goer's attention. If a criticism had to be levelled at the events that transpired over the dates of October 4-8, it would probably be buried somewhere in the word 'overload'. Planning each night's concert schedule took on the gravity of mapping out a course schedule for an *et cetera* term. With so many concerts occurring simultaneously around the city, the task of striking a balance between seeing familiar, beloved bands and investigating the obscure was more than a little daunting. Many shows were missed altogether due to logistical impossibilities, lineups, or plain old exhaustion. But I'm not going to complain. Montreal was alive and sparkling for those five days, and the festival organizers outdid themselves with the quality and quantity of this year's proceedings.

Equipped with media passes and starry-eyed in the big city, Team *Disorder* roamed from show to show, taking pictures, rubbing elbows and inhaling routine. Now, with the booze largely out of my system and the stress of missing my potential next favourite band subsided, I present to you a few sober memories, recollected in tranquillity.

Les Shows

Islands

Arrived at this show out of breath from a mad dash across town, and walked in to find legions of underage girls fawning over Nick's every word. Aspiring groupies aside, this was a fantastic show. Dressed in their trademark all white, Islands represented Canadian multiculturalism with their diverse and talented roster. The musicianship was incredibly tight, and every key change and bridge hit like a train arriving at the station right on time. The range of instruments—ukulele, bass clarinet, recorder—perfectly captured their island aesthetic,

and the arrangements of *Return to the Sea* sounded much more vital in a live setting. Playing through the bulk of that album and tossing in a cover of The Kinks' "Waterloo Sunset" in pursuit of the ultimate pop song, the set finished off with a guest appearance from Cadence Weapon on "Where There's a Will There's a Way." Although frontman Nick Diamonds didn't manage to crack a smile the entire time and acted like he wished the crowd wasn't there, we walked out satisfied and satisfied.

Cadence Weapon

Edmonton's illest emcee took the stage to a hyped crowd, courtesy of Professor Murder's skilled party activation. Although he's been touring non-stop over the last year, this was my first chance to see him live, and I was definitely pumped. "Oliver Square" was predictably bumped early on, but crowd enthusiasm and Rollic's manic stage presence kept the single from sounding stale. "Sharks" was another obvious standout, with its electro warble and shout-along to "that means stop biting my shit". Whenever the audience threatened to lapse into passive listening mode, The Weapon would go into punk rock stance, half-screaming his raps and jumping down onto the floor for impromptu rap-mosh sessions. Cadence's DJ was extremely fed on DJ wheels, too, and updated the bleepy production of *Breaking Kayfabe* with some nimble scratching. Even with the subs cutting out halfway through the set, Cadence Weapon brought the noise.

Jack Dylan Dude Draws Neat Things

by Dory Kornfeld

THEY ARE ALL OVER MONTREAL, and they are the loveliest of things. Yes yes, of course I mean the Francophone girls with their straggled shoes and impeccable haircuts, and the fixed-gear road bikes, and the brick buildings with brightly-coloured front doors. But I also mean the posters of Jack Dylan. Black and white 11x17s are stapled to poles year round, but during Pop Montreal this October, the city was vibrant with full-coloured specimens; so many, in fact, that it seemed as though there was but one poster artist in town. "These are so lovely," we said to each other, "so lovely indeed."

Employing a comic-y style, Dylan's posters promote the local indie rock in that humorous-yet-sentimental way that we have grown accustomed to falling for again and again. Girls in scarves and boots march through the winter while the snow spells out who's playing; kids at a show smoke cigarettes and complain that they want to go home; the most iconic feature band members wrestling with superheroes. Is there anything that would make you want to go see Islands more than the possibility that Nicholas Thorburn might take on the Green Lantern mid-show? Maybe. But is there anything more exciting about Pop Montreal than the opportunity to purchase, straight from the source, an 11x17 of your very own, pristine, without the corners being wrecked by staples and tape? Certainly not.

Though I only managed to stutter and stammer when chatting with Mr Dylan at his table at the Pucos Pop poster show, the man was kind enough to answer my questions post-facto.

Discorder: Did you start off desiring to do posters, or are they just a convenient way to make lots of art?

Jack Dylan: I started with a serious case of poster envy. I loved posters and novel covers, and found the format to be an open window for a lot of the ideas I had. So my first body of work was 20 large paintings that looked like posters, but all had titles that I had dreamed up for them like "The Naked and the Dead" or "Eat The Roach." Essentially, I've always been and have wanted to be an illustrator.

How do you feel about being The Poster Guy?

You know, in this town, "Poster Guy" is not such a bad shtick. There are so many musicians, that suddenly this guy who can't play a note and draws purple cats is actually kind of interesting, kind of a rebel. (Well maybe not that far.) I don't envy the so-called fine artists who slave for a year on a show of paintings only to have their work seen by a few hundred people in one tiny gallery. Compared to that, doing posters is like playing stadiums. But I don't want to do this forever. I did a show of paintings this year, and even though it was seen by far less people, I found it very rewarding, and I think that there's a lot more room to develop in the traditional arts than with illustrations and posters. They can get to be a bit...two dimensional.

Some of your stuff is really self-mocking...I'm thinking of the one with girls in coats and one is saying something like, "I'm sick of that guy's illustrations." Is this something that you've actually overheard, or are you just guessing about what they're saying when your back is turned?

No. I actually did overhear that at a show. One girl said, "I like that guy's illustrations, but I'm kind of mazed out on them." Then she turned the corner and said "woopy" when she saw me. I was elated, and I knew right away that I was going to use it for a poster. Just prior to that I had actually become very paranoid that people were going to suddenly turn on me. I had gotten my first taste of success, and it seemed natural that the tide would shift. But when I heard that remark, I felt all better, redeemed by the fact that I had been right, that people really did hate me. I've always been a big advocate of self-mocking humour as a form of therapy. And if you really look at the posters, it's not hard to tell that that's what I'm doing. I do get a poster where I've announced that my girlfriend has left me and that I'm suicidal. Posters about how uncomfortable I am at shows, and posters blatantly adorned with my childish fantasies. It's like by putting your worst fears out there for all to see, you've somehow vaccinated yourself against the problem.

How long have you been doing this? Did you go to art school?

I've been making show posters for almost 2 years, and I've made over 90 of them. I did go to an art school called Beal Art in London, Ontario for two years. It was not a fine arts



Photo by Dory Kornfeld

education though; the school was hands-on technical training, and I earned high school credits. But from what I've seen of most university programs in fine arts, I was far better off at Beal. We learned how to do it our self, save money on materials and throw our own shows. They taught us to go out and be working artists. And it was free, a hugely important advantage.

What other artists are you into right now?

I look at a lot of comic book artists, Charles Burns, Chester Brown. And I've always got my eye on local poster artists SeriPop. They're like Picasso to my humble Norman Rockwell. I look at a lot of design, billboards, magazines and film, television and books. They're often the source for the inspiration behind my work. And I people-watch, and I listen. That's probably the most important thing I take in.

Do you make money from your work?

I haven't had any other job in three years. When I got out of art school I habitually went to get my old job as a waiter back, but as it turned out I was fired. So I put on my own art shows instead, and I've been working ever since.

Are you from Montreal? Would you consider going anywhere else?

I'm from Stratford, Ontario, and I moved to Montreal almost three years ago. I could easily imagine setting up camp here—I'd like to buy a building one day, and set up studios and venue space. I already have that but I rent and the heating is inadequate. But I've got to leave here someday. New York would be tempting, Vancouver too. But if I go it would have to be somewhere pretty darn good.

Do you love local indie rock? Do you go to the shows you make posters for?

Yeah, a lot of times I do. I didn't start off loving music or going to shows. That was something I learned over my time in Montreal. My last girlfriend was a full-time musician and the lead singer in a band, and my best friend has been making music for as long as I've been making art. And my home and studio space also houses 8 different bands that jam there.

Which are your favourite posters that you've done?

I really like the Joanna Newsome one I just finished. She's pretty. I think the Art Nouveau Poster for my own exhibition "Jack Dylan is Alive and Well and Living in Montreal" sums me up the best though.

What's the meanest thing anyone has ever said to you?

That's tough, because in time I've come to love all of the mean things people have said to me. I am very sensitive about my terrible spelling though. It's a very heavy cross for a poster artist to bear.

What kind of shoes do you wear in the winter?

Doc Martens I think. Someone told me that they weren't cool anymore. Perhaps that's the meanest thing anyone has ever said to me.

Jack Dylan isn't just about rock-show posters, he also does paintings and holds exhibitions. You can check out the body of his work at the predictable jackdylan.ca.



Holy Fuck

Sorry, but I just can't resist—holy fuck, the lineup for this show was huge! Here the media pass met its match.

Les Shows

The Dandybeards

This was one of those shows that I went to based solely on the name. I mean, I've got a beard, so I was curious to see if I too could qualify as dandy. Their set was prefaced by some poor fellow with a guitar whose name didn't appear to be on the bill. He was very well-mannered, but seemed ill at ease with his guitar; every chord change was a nerve-wracking affair for performer and audience alike. He had an endearing voice, though, and I couldn't help but smile when he finished his last song with the line, "That one didn't go as awesome as I planned."

Up next were the Dandybeards, or rather the single dandybeard.

with his lovely assistant providing the decoration. At first this guy-girl duo appeared to be mocking the traditionally marginalized place of the female in rock music, but it turned out they were woefully sincere. The pixie-like keyboardist played nurse to the singer/guitarist's doctor, going so far as to actually hold a mini piano for him while he played, sang, and worked the bass drum. This after they claimed that they couldn't figure out a way to play that one live: well, how about giving your bandmate something to do? It was mind-boggling. Patriarchal oddities aside, they played a decent set of cutesy, acoustic pop.

Bourgeois Cyborgs

The mysterious band descriptions in Pop's festival guide had me thinking that these guys were some kind of electro affair, but it turns out they were a couple of average Guelph rappers. The concert schedule for the night was just packed and the venues were scattered all across town, so I showed up at the door for their scheduled start time at the stroke of 10:20. Instead of a ducking in for a quick set, I was informed by the doorman that the DJ was still setting up. It occurred to me that they could let us in while the DJ made his final adjustments.

Professor Murder Activates the Party

by David Ravensbergen and Graeme Worthy

"WE'RE A DANCE BAND or whatever." With this innocuous introduction Professor Murder launched into a set of samba-inspired sweaty rhythms, complete with massive doses of cowbell and whistle-blowing reminiscent of a Brazilian street party or a really enthusiastic gym teacher. After lurking in the shadows during the previous band, the crowd heeded the call of the whistle and bumrushed the stage for some dirty dancing. As the performance wore on, these four skinny Brooklynites transformed into drum-banging monkeys, producing off-balance beats that sounded like homemade jungle. They punctuated their set with ragga "bof" calls and sent shout-outs to their lawyer Paul. Going into the show with only a sneaking suspicion that their name was somehow familiar, we were won over by their enthusiasm and refreshingly un-rocky sound, and decided that we needed to find out more. We ambushed Professor Murder outside Club Lambi for a brief chat. We hadn't done our research in advance, but luckily they filled in our knowledge gaps with words like "braggadocio" and "posit". The following is a hazy account of our conversation.

Discorder: We waltzed into your show not really knowing anything about you guys. At first we thought you sounded like !!!, but you showed a pretty impressive range. Can you give us the break down?

The basic idea behind Professor Murder is that we're four dudes. We all listen to independent rock and roll, but we have a lot of other things that we're interested in. For example, !!!, we've played with them, they're a really cool band. What we're trying to do is, instead of trying to sound like a band like that, who's obviously taking their disparate influences and putting them together, we're trying to do that with our own disparate influences. With maybe a base of punk rock, but we all listen to a lot of hip hop, a lot of R&B, a lot of reggae, a lot of dancehall, a lot of techno—a lot of more beat-oriented music, so that's where we're coming from I guess.

There was a lot of jungle sounds in there too, especially with your vocal style. How important are vocals and lyrics to what you're doing?

Vocally, we've gotten weird press to the effect of how simple or dumb what we're doing is [see the Pitchfork review of their latest EP - ed.]. In the context of a lot of rock bands who have a big emphasis on vocals, lyrical content and storytelling, compared to that we might come across as a little bit 'weird'. But this is a roundabout way of saying that we're more interested in vocals as another texture, as another rhythmic element, rather than 'lets fuckin' write a story about a ship' or lost love or... Not to say something like that, but our vocals are usually the last consideration. Not to say that our vocals are total nonsense, but it's more of a rhythmic thing than a lyrical thing.

Yeah, you guys are definitely not The Decemberists. At the beginning of your set you described yourselves as a dance band—have crowds been receptive to your style?

In New York we have a bunch of friends who are incredibly supportive. Have you guys been to a Bar Mitzva, where they've got 'party activators'? Do you know what party activators are? We've got our party activator crew. They're in the crowd and they're dancing, and obviously the vibe we try to put across on the stage is a little bit looser, and I'm fucking playing drums and keyboards and I can jump around.

When you were up there, in your bantering, you painted a story about a run-in with the law. Did you have some trouble at the border?

I wish there was more to say. If there's one thing that we borrowed from hip hop it's the sort of braggadocio and the mythology that comes with it. I feel like we're playing all our cards, but we're just like trying to have fun, we got across the border fine, but we're fucking Professor Murder. We've got murder in our name.

Your name seems really familiar, but I can't quite place it. Where does the name come from?

It actually comes from a sketch from a comedy show called Mr. Show.

Oh yeah, that's where it's from! The episode with the beef between East Coast and West Coast ventriloquists. Um, sorry, keep going.

Me and Tony went to college about seven years ago, and we were fucking around in the basement of this house we lived in and we started a band called Professor Murder, and somehow we stuck with the name. It's one of those things where if we could choose today, we might go another direction. We get a lot of weird reactions from it, where write-ups say we're a hardcore band. We're trying to buy into a sort of a history of Jamaican music, like the Mad Professor, or even hip hop with Masta Killa. But in this context people think we're speed metal or something.

Beside we let you go, do you guys have anything out on record?

We just put out an EP on a label called Kanine. They've put out Grizzly Bear, just put out Oxford Collapse, this band Mixel Pixel who we're good friends with. We just put out an EP with them. We're just doing EPs—thats our thing, it's a dance sort of vibe, we have vinyl coming out. We want to posit what we're doing in the context of other beat-oriented bands, and not necessarily rock music. It's important for us to sort of force that a little bit.

After that we talked about art, Brooklyn, and where to get goodoutine. Pick up the dance trail on their new EP, Professor Murder Rides the Subway.



Professor Murder

Photo by Katherine Somody

Wet Gate

by Graeme Worthy

A QUICK GOOGLE HAS BROUGHT ME a little about the meaning of "Wet Gate". An article from Kodak told me more than I ever expected. Taken from "Use of Perchloroethylene in Motion Picture Wet-Gate Printing":

Shallow emulsion scratches on the clear supercoat of a black-and-white or color negative will appear white on the positive film. Emulsion scratches that penetrate to the support on a black-and-white negative will print black. Scratches on the emulsion side of color negative films may appear colored on the print, depending upon how deep the scratch is and whether or not image-bearing layers have been disturbed. When base or emulsion scratches exist, a "wet" or "liquid" gate is often used to minimize or eliminate the resultant optical effect, depending on severity. In wet-gate printing, a liquid (such as perchloroethylene) having a refractive index close to that of the film base and the gelatin emulsion is applied to the original. The liquid fills in the scratches and reduces the light scatter. Wet-gate printing is generally applicable to any printing configuration, step continuous, contact or optical. Wet printing is of little or no benefit to deep emulsion-side scratches.

Wet Gate is also band, a 16mm projector ensemble. They play on three projectors, and with a variety of film loops create compositions out of serendipitous and intentional combinations of a finicky analog playback medium.

It's the last evening of Pop, and I've been teased with the promise that 'one of the guys from Negativland' will be doing something with film projectors, a band or something. I haven't heard much, and the festival has been more miss than mud. I'm tired from being drunk too many days in a row, and the chance to sit is enticing.

At the front of the room are 3 projectors. Each has a tall arm extending from the top, and none have reels. The tall arm is telescopic, and terminates in a gentle hook which holds the long end of a loop of 16mm film. In the dark, they begin rolling loops

chosen more for their optically-encoded audio than for their visual content. The results are magical. Three images come and go from the screen, each looping at a different rate, each contributing its unique voice to the chorus of samples that the trio has gathered over their years of performance. It's impossible not to construct narratives and draw connections between the images. A wendigo mask fades in and out as an arctic explorers attempt to build a small fire. Thirty match strikes loop as the reddened wendigo face gazes on. Thirty becomes forty and the tiny details of the scene emerge. The manner in which the wind blows the explorers hair. The unique flare of the tiny match, and I lose all sense of time as I'm slowly mesmerized by its predictability, and am struck by how much you can miss by not watching something over and over. While these loose thoughts lounge about in my hypnotically lulled head, another scene makes the screen. Young boys toss a book, again and again they toss it in circles, and the noise fades in and out.

Later they will introduce loops which they've drawn on with markers, glued on, chopped to, and built in their photo labs. Images from Bergman, from safety training videos, from god knows where else: a lifetime's worth of celluloid scavenging makes up their libraries. Libraries that they destroy each time they play a show. They make increasingly infidel prints of the best ones, the colours fading intentionally and unintentionally, shifting to unnatural hues, the audio tracks muting. The good ones go fastest, because they can't help themselves, it's gotta get used.

As the performance winds on, the images become increasingly abstract, the sounds less tied to the screen, which displays snow and flickering polkadots. A muffled amniotic buzz murmurs around the room as a terribly embarrassing somnolence overtakes me, and I prop up my head with

so we could make the requisite bar stop and settle in for the show, but the venue had other ideas. By the time the show finally started half an hour late, there were only a handful of people in attendance, including Nick Diamonds, who looked pretty unplussed. Overall it was wack money rap, featuring some generic freestyles over top of some Dre beats from 2001. To their credit, it was hard to hype a 15-person crowd, but I left feeling like I should have just eaten a falafel instead.

my hands, hoping that no one will notice my head-bobbing. It's dark and warm.

After the show they stand tall and proud facing us, answering questions. This is the closing act of Film Pop, and much of the audience is made up

of filmmakers. Do they feel bad about cutting up old film? Do they ever have to clear the rights to things? It is a greater crime to keep the old films in canisters till they rot. So many things never see the light of day. Wet Gate are heroes.

The Winks

gyroscope opened the night at the cozy Le Divan Orange, and what better way to start Pop than a dose of jazzy, Montreal post-rock? It wasn't exactly Constellation-caliber, but their spacey melodies and obvious instrumental ability impressed nonetheless. I left early in the set to head to church, but I returned shortly thereafter to catch the Winks.

Freshly arrived in Montreal after abandoning their former Vancouver home, the Winks got an early start to this year's Pop. In contrast to the psychedelic menace of Gary Lucas and *The Golem*, Todd and Tyr's quirky, theatrical ditties soothed and gently entertained. As always, the stage was draped with Tyr's decorative flourishes, this

time heavy on the streamers and conical hats to fit in with the theme of their tour and latest album, *Birthday Party*. Their set was festive, but as the last stop on a cross-Canada tour, was understandably low on energy. Todd regaled us with tales of their ventures through the hinterland, surprising us all with the revelation that Calgary is the "dance capital of Canada," and also the "skinny indie rock boys making out over their skinny indie boys capital of Canada." Who knew? I spotted the pair all over the city during the next few days, including a bizarre encounter with Todd that featured us both wearing the same black *Disorder* t-shirts. Hopefully they've found a place to live by now, and are off the couch circuit.

Gonzales A Not So Vital Organ

by David Ravensbergen

WITH A BELLY FULL of free drinks from an earlier performance, I wandered down to Église St. Jean Baptiste, an enormous and ornate church that was to play host to Gonzales, the festival's much-touted inaugural act. Approaching the imposing wooden doors felt like knocking at St. Peter's gate with booze on my breath, and it was with some trepidation that I flashed my media pass and made my way into the pews. I felt like I'd already partaken of communion a few too many times that night.

The cavernous room was all abuzz with opening night excitement, but somehow a house of worship just wasn't the right setting for the start of a big city night. The proceedings began with a screening of *Beyond the Paley Gates of Ill Repute*, a locally-produced black and white short that wove a silent tale of a young devout girl's moral decline. Seeking a cheap place to stay, the protagonist rents a room in a boarding house, only to wind up in an indeliberately pretentious when she can't pay her bills. The crude advances of her lascivious male visitors send her desperate pety into a talspin. In the penultimate scene, she's visited by a man in a priest's collar, which of course unlocks her inner horny Catholic, and the two commit unspassable acts of concupiscence. I won't spoil it entirely, but the final frames contain a decidedly un-Jesus-like take on forgiveness. The film's aping of silent conventions was fun at first, but ultimately it felt like a needless exercise in blasphemy in such a sanctified setting.

The opening of Film Pop continued with *The Golem*, a German Expressionist gem about the Jewish legend of "matter without a soul." Directed by Carl Boese and Paul Wegener in 1920, the film portrays the persecuted Jewish community in 16th-century Prague with a palpable sense of doom. Faced with an edict demanding the immediate removal of all Jews from the city, a rabbi turns to the apocryphal story of the golem, a Frankensteinian guardian made of clay. Dark sorcery brings the golem to life, and he is employed as a protector of the oppressed Ashkenazi. The plot thickens as the summoned creature's loyalties are called into question, and, fittingly played out in the church, the created is estranged from the creator.

While the film would have been compelling enough on its own, with the addition of guitar czar Gary Lucas' lysergic live soundtrack it took on an air of deep and hypnotic menace. Playing a score originally written as a duet with keyboards, Lucas presided over an ominous array of pedals, expertly

adjusting reverb settings to transform the church from a holy of holies into a coven, his guitar work like a hallucinatory sermon raining down from the pulpit. The effect was far more evocative than any fire and brimstone could ever be. Warped crescendos, surges of feedback and plaintive tremolo cries combined with the otherworldly images on screen to...well, to be honest it was all a little too much for me at this point, and I fled down the street to catch the Winks.

Considerably more sober by now, I made my way back to the church expecting to be overawed by the force of the organ, to be enveloped in the golden wash of the voice of God. Gonzales' *Organism* show had been hyped as something spectacular, and I was really looking forward to a modern approach to the organ's potential for massive and sublime sound. Instead, I returned to a farce in progress, a rejection of the value of serious musicianship. Rather than seize the venue and the instrument's capacity to deliver a contemporary take on the sound of reading Revelations in the back pews, Gonzales tinkered away with his pointer fingers, playing "Frère Jacques", the ice cream man theme song and the jeopardy jingle. Hooded in a monk's robe, inexplicably dripping sweat and seated safely away from real scrutiny in the rear balcony, Gonzales unleashed what felt like hours of useless parody. The crowd was left staring at his projection on the screen up front, trying to decide if there was a coup of Duchampian proportions, or just a jackass "musician" that had fleeced everyone of \$30 each.

I left the show feeling drained. What should have been an energetic kick-off to a five-day sonic binge functioned as a vast, sweeping refusal of earnestness in music. From one tedious minute to the next, Gonzales not only displayed his obvious inability to actually play the organ, he slowly diminished the idea of the genuine artist. The show declared aesthetics to be little more than a pompous front, and equated serious musicians with a child hanging away on a Fisher Price piano. Why is it that an exercise in rapid irony can draw a full crowd, while other musicians hone their skills over a lifetime, toiling in obscurity without a real chance to play for an audience? Well, I already know the answer to my weepy lament, but I still find it irritating that anyone gives a shit about a performer like Gonzales. Perhaps I just didn't get it, as I wasn't privy to the chocolate mushrooms that those in the know had ingested to make the experience even minutely interesting.

Joe Grass, Under Byen, Joanna Newsom

This was the show out of the entire festival that I was absolutely intent on seeing, along with pretty much everybody else, including David Byrne. Luckily I arrived early enough to snag a front-row seat, and settled in for Joe Grass' inspired twang. With the recent rise in popularity of indie-country (does that prefix simply indicate that it's cool to like country now?) it's tough to sift out the pretenders from the true farmhands. Joe Grass, with his boyish charms and breathtaking skill on the lap steel, takes all the difficulty out of the equation. Singing of drifters, dreamers, broken-down old men and working the night shift at the train yard, Grass held true to the conventions of bluegrass and country, but did so in a way that didn't feel at all contrived. He displayed a masterful understanding of dynamics and subtlety, bringing the latent harmonic potential of the familiar old acoustic to life with his gentle touch. Definitely a troubadour to be watched.

Up next was the Danish group Under Byen, and they took to stage with an impenetrable Nordic air. There's been a lot of talk lately about their Sigur Ros-inspired soundscapes, but their live show definitely complicated the comparison. Eschewing the guitar in favour of a well-rounded string section, extra percussion and an amplified saw, they played complex, mournful arrangements that left jaws agape. Lead vocalist Henriette Sennensvald, whose picture graces the cover of this issue, swayed at the back of the band, but her remarkably Björk-like voice commanded everyone's attention, even with all the words in Danish. As the set unfolded, the music ranged from sprawling post-rock compositions to slummy, Tom Waits rhythms. When the saw was brought out, it was afraid that it was little more than an attention grab, but the opposite

proved true. Working his bow across the serrated edge, the sawman produced sounds remarkably like a dissonant guitar, but emanating from a construction tool it came across as a feat of blackest alchemy. Overall, the set was both intricate and overwhelming, and I look forward to hearing more from these Scandinavianians.

Along last, the evening's highlight arrived on stage: Joanna Newsom, looking innocent and grateful for the applause, sipping an Earl Grey tea. After listening to the swirling orchestras on *Ys*, I half-expected her to be accompanied and drowned out by a fleet of subsidiary musicians, but she perched alone on stage with her massive harp. As she launched into the opening lines of "Bridger and Belloons" the sound of several hundred grins unfurling at once provided the backdrop. Her fingers flew over the strings, and her lyrics touched something inside us that longs for our feelings to be articulated with such dignity. During the lengthy compositions from her new album, her face was intent with concentration as she balanced entrancing harp lines with vocal grace; the audience was tense with empathy, praying that she wouldn't slip up. She sang of decay and the passage of time, of love and the cosmos; mutability has never had so beautiful a spokeswoman. During a welcome rendition of "Peach, Plum, Pear", there was a significant tense change that captured her calm, contented presence on stage—"I am blue and unwell" became "I was blue and unwell", and she smiled shyly in response to the murmuring audience. I walked out of that show nerves all aglow, rehabilitating every moment of beauty and sadness from my own life that she had conjured from the depths with her determined, gentle plucking. **D**



Joanna Newsom

Photo by Jason Trill

the awkward stage
Heaven I for
Easy Girls
CD OUT NOW

...will leave you with a warm feeling and put a goofy grin on your face... watching more credence to the belief that Vancouver is the center of the pop universe!"
- 41 Music Guide

www.theawkwardstage.com
www.crspe.com/theawkwardstage

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE
BEV DAVIES

out now!
www.punkrockcalendar.com

A 2007 PUNK ROCK CALENDAR
A V.V.

It's mint Records' Ridiculously early xmas Party!

first 50 people in get a mint records xmas gift!

starring
DUOTANG! The Awkward Stage!
CAROLYN MARK! The Buttless Chaps!
young and sexy! John Guliak!
and the evaporators!
*but not in this order!

Saturday December 2
Ukrainian Hall

605 E. Pender @ Harris, Vancouver BC
doors 7:30pm, show 8pm - info? 604 669 6406
Tickets at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife, and Red Cat
\$15 advance, \$15 at the door

SOBRIETY
RED CAT RECORDS
SCRATCH RECORDS
ZULU RECORDS

icoke.ca **WOMEN ON TOP CONCERTS** CANADA **BUY TICKETS AT hob.ca**

NOVEMBER 8 **FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10**

james HUNTER **FIVE for FIGHTING**
with special guest **Mozella**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU **RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS** **TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS**

NOVEMBER 9 **DEF JUX PRESENTS VAST AIRE**
FROM **CANNIBAL OX**
• METRO FROM S.A. SMASH • SLOW SUICIDE STIMULUS
• YAK BALLZ • FOURTH PYRAMID

TICKETS AT ZULU, BEATSTREET, LIVESTOCK, DIPT, CLUBZONE.COM **RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS**

NOVEMBER 13 **Sierra Leone REFUGEE ALL STARS**
Living Like A Refugee

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE **COMMODORE BALLROOM**

NOVEMBER 15 **FIRST EVER VANCOUVER APPEARANCE NECRO**
THE KING OF DEATH RAP

TICKETS AT ZULU, BEATSTREET, LIVESTOCK, DIPT, CLUBZONE.COM **RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS**

NOVEMBER 16 **BUTCHER**

TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH AND SHAPE **THE RED ROOM**

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 18 **TILL THE SUN TURNS BLACK RAY LAMONTAGNE**
featuring **THREE MORE DAYS**

ON TOUR NOW **DAVID FORD**
NOVEMBER 16
Centre
RESERVED SEATING ALSO AVAILABLE

DAN BERN
WITH SPECIAL GUEST **ember swift**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE **THE RED ROOM**

NOVEMBER 20 **ALL AGES**
SECONDSTOMARS
with special guests

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR THE OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER TOURS AT THE DOOR
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU
AND SCRATCH AND SHAPE

NOVEMBER 17 **MACEO PARKER**

UPCOMING SHOWS
NOVEMBER 8 **GOO GOO DOLLS**
NOVEMBER 10 **GOO GOO DOLLS**
NOVEMBER 12 **JACKSOU**
NOVEMBER 14 **BLIND GUARDIAN**
NOVEMBER 15 & 16 **K-COS**
NOVEMBER 17 **MACEO PARKER**

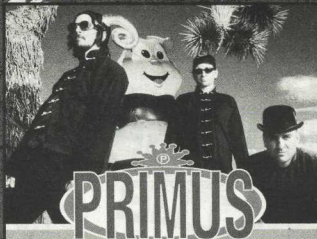
21+ TO ENTER **PURCHASE TICKETS** **at hob.ca or ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444** **(XMA)**

THE DEARS

IN CONCERT

W/ SPECIAL GUESTS
THE BLOODLINES
NOVEMBER 27
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT ZILD AND SCRATCH

www.thedears.com

NOVEMBER 29
ORPHEUM THEATRE

www.primus.com

NOVEMBER 30

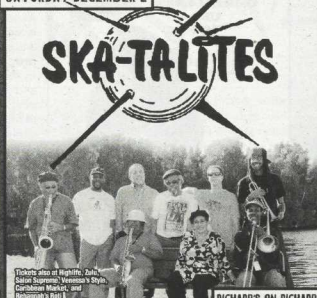
THE
BE GOOD
TANYASwith special guests Nathan
plus Ora Cogan
TICKETS ALSO AT ZILD AND HIGHLIFE

straight COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 30

CHERRY
POPPIN'
DADDIESTICKETS ALSO AT ZILD
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDSDOORS OPEN
SHOW UP

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2

TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE, Dave
Carter Open, Vernon's Style,
Capitol Market, and
Hastings & Bloor

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DECEMBER 3

the hidden
cameras

TICKETS ALSO AT ZILD

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY DECEMBER 1 & 2

GENERAL ADMISSION

★ RON
SEXSMITH ★

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE

DECEMBER 12



IN CONCERT

TICKETS
ALSO AT
ZILD AND
HIGHLIFE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

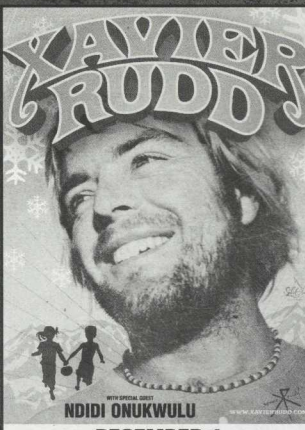
DECEMBER 17



TICKETS ALSO AT ZILD AND SCRATCH

DOORS OPEN
SHOW UP

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



NDIDI ONUKWULU

DECEMBER 4
TELUS WHISTLER CONFERENCE CENTERDECEMBER 5
ORPHEUM THEATRE

UPCOMING SHOWS

NOVEMBER 27
PHILIPPOPOPOPO KINGS
COMMODORE BALLROOMNOVEMBER 28 & 29
THE BLOODLINES & THE
BLOODLINES & THE BLOODLINES
THE BLOODLINES & THE BLOODLINESNOVEMBER 29
KZUSKAWA'S
COMMODORE BALLROOMDECEMBER 1
PANDA AT THE BISC
PRINCE GEORGEDECEMBER 2
ZAPPA PLAYS ZAPPA
ZILD AND HIGHLIFEDECEMBER 3
BILLY TAYLOR
PRINCE GEORGE

2eTU

PURCHASE TICKETS AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca 604-280-4444 (1-800-444-4444)

THE BLOODLINES & THE BLOODLINES

NYALA

NOW OPEN

4148 Main St (25th & King Edward)
Open daily @ 5pmYou're invited for
one FREE APPETIZE
with the order of an entree.Entertainment every Thursday
starting at 8:30pm
African Music by Yoro from Benin

www.nyala.com

Coupon expires Dec. 15th, 2006

ISLANDS RETURN TO THE SEA



**Islands
& Besnard Lakes,
Subtitle**

**Saturday, November 4
at 7pm**
SUB Ballroom, UBC
All ages

Tickets: Zulu, Scratch
Red Cat, The Outpost (UBC)

CHET



AWAY.RIO

**Wednesday
November 8 at 8pm**
Gallery Lounge, UBC

FREE,
19+

MELIGROVE BAND

**With The Golden Dogs
& The Junction**

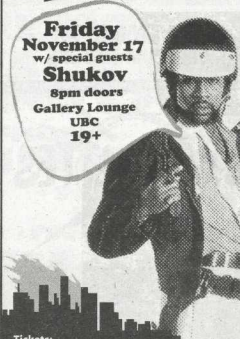
Saturday, November 11
Pit Pub, UBC @ 8pm
19+



Tickets:
Zulu, Scratch
Outpost (UBC)

TOKYO POLICE CLUB

**Friday
November 17**
w/ special guests
Shukov
8pm doors
Gallery Lounge
UBC
19+



Tickets:
Zulu & The Outpost (UBC)

Want to
WIN TICKETS
to see **Meligrove Band**
or **Tokyo Police Club**?

All you have to do
is email your full name
and phone number to
prog_assist@ams.ubc.ca
by 4pm on November 8
and you will be entered
into a draw to win one
of four pairs of tickets
to either show.

You must be of 19 years
or over to enter.
One entry per person.
You will be contacted
if you are a winner.

wintersleep

TOUR DATES

- 11.01.2006 | New York City, NY @ Ace of Clubs
- 11.02.2006 | Montreal, QC @ Metropolis
- 11.03.2006 | Fredericton, NB @ University of NB
- 11.04.2006 | Halifax, NS @ The Cunard Centre
- 11.22.2006 | Ottawa, ON @ Barrymore's
- 11.23.2006 | Toronto, ON @ Lee's Palace
- 11.24.2006 | Guelph, ON @ Club Vinyl
- 11.25.2006 | London, ON @ Call The Office
- 11.26.2006 | Hamilton, ON @ The Underground
- 11.29.2006 | Calgary, AB @ The Warehouse
- 11.30.2006 | Edmonton, AB @ The Starlight
- 12.01.2006 | Vancouver, BC @ Transmission Festival
- 12.02.2006 | Vancouver, BC @ Red Room
- 12.29.2006 | StJohn's, NL @ Club One

Halifax's Wintersleep re-release their *Untitled*
album with 2 new bonus tracks & 4 music videos!
Available in stores & online at www.labworkmusic.com

"Wintersleep could be the album to convert
the whole country" ~EXCLAIM Magazine
"Passionate... drowning in haunting melodies
and captivating ambiance" ~REVERB Magazine



ALSO AVAILABLE

Wintersleep • *Self-titled*
Wintersleep's debut full-length,
remixed & remastered
for 2006.

MARGARET THRASHER

Won't Be Our Friend

by Mono Brown

IN AN IDEAL UNIVERSE, *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* readers will always know more about Margaret Thrasher than will, say, Rupert Murdoch. Despite the band's somewhat sparing online presence, in the last year and a half Margaret Thrasher have made themselves known not only in print and on the airwaves, but also along the periphery of Vancouver's 'terminally hip East Side' and within the inner workings of UBC's cooperatively run Bike Kitchen. Who is Margaret Thrasher, really? If anything, they just might be the last band left on the planet not trying to friend you on MySpace.

Name

Margaret Thrasher

Age

JG: Age of the band? Or our ages? We started in March 2005.

Orientation

JG: Um, band?
G: What is this for?

Hobbies/Interests

JG: Basement shows...
SK: ...Oh my Lord...
G: Making the girls scream.
And making Skidge wet.

About Margaret Thrasher

JG: Can you be more specific? What kind of interviewer are you?
A: ...A good one?...
SK: 'Pickin' up chicks. Downtown babes.
G: Fast punk that's not that fast.

Who is Margaret Thrasher?

Skidge on guitar (SK); Gabriela on drums (G); Anne on bass (A); Juls Generic on vocals (JG) and Billy.

What is Margaret Thrasher?

Hardcore punk from Vancouver.

Where is Margaret Thrasher?

A: We all live in various locations around Strathcona. We also practice in Strathcona, and we've played a lot of shows at the Alf House, which is pretty much in Strathcona.

Why is Margaret Thrasher?

JG: It's so Skidge can rip off the Swedish mid-tempo bands he listens to and I can pretend I'm like a self-righteous mix between Ron Reyes and Andrea Dworkin. And so Gabriela could learn to play the drums. Anne thinks it's cool.

JG: I don't try to pick up chicks...

A: Me, neither.

JG: I try to get laid on tour, but everyone just wants to get with Gabriela.

A: It's true.

Who Margaret Thrasher'd Like to Meet

G: Who we'd like to meet!
SK: I don't want to meet anyone in particular.
Billy: This sounds like some really crappy dating service.
G: I know who I want to meet. Henry Rollins.

Career High

JG: Being in *Discorder*.
A: Yeah.
JG: But maybe putting out a record.

Career Low

G: Being in *Discorder*.

Groups/Organizations

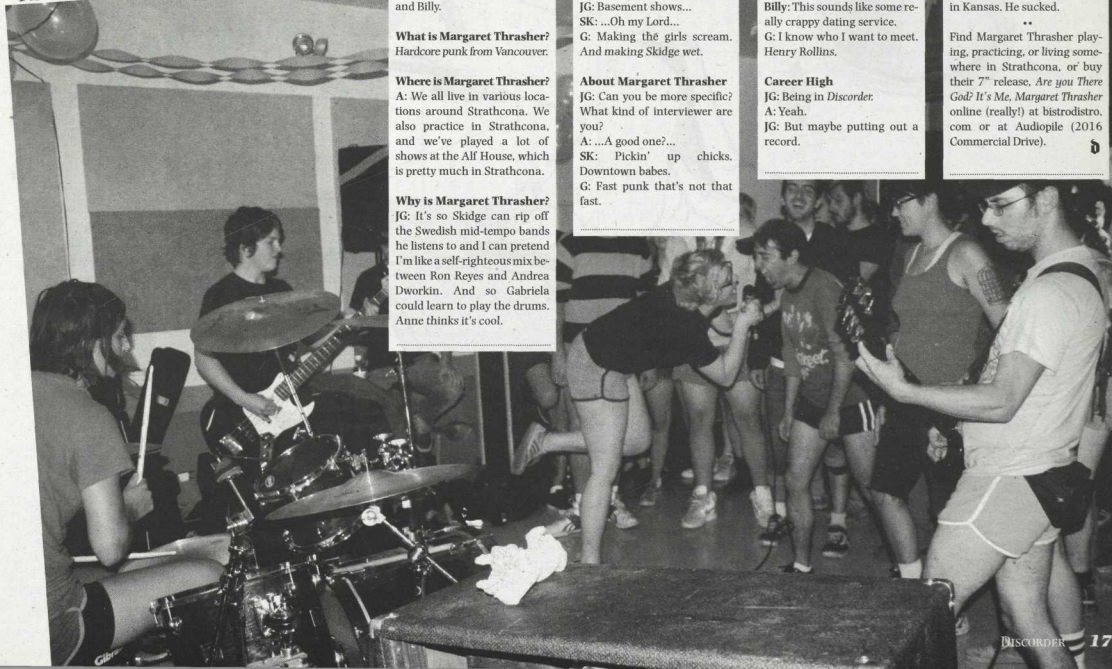
JG: Are you making a MySpace for us?
G: You can't do that.
JG: A *Discorder* article that's a MySpace profile - is that your clever plan?

Famous Last Words

JG/SK: We met Henry Rollins in Kansas. He sucked.

Find Margaret Thrasher playing, practicing, or living somewhere in Strathcona, or buy their 7" release, *Are you There God? It's Me, Margaret Thrasher* online (really!) at bistrodistro.com or at Audiople (2016 Commercial Drive).

PHOTO BY SARAH KRAMER PHOTOGRAPHY.COM





sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday



       	5 Lovely Peathers, The Slip @ The Media Club BJ Snowden, Carolyn Mark, Amy Honey @ Railway Club Kid Koala, No Luck Club @ Richard's On Richards	6 Canucks vs. Stars @ GM Place (10:00 PM EST ET)	7 SHINDIG presents: Night Nine Huge Manatee, Fond Of Tigers, The Bionic Owls @ Railway Club	8 Chet, Away R! @ Gallery Lounge, UBC Wolf Eyes, Sick Liama, Raven Strain @ Pat's Pub	9 Bonnie Prince Billy, Human Bell @ St. James Community Hall GVAR, Municipal Waste, The Red Chord @ The Commodore Ballroom Kick In The Eye, Big Joe Burke, Pat Chessel @ The Lamplighter	10 Lady Sovereign, The Photograph, Young Love @ The Commodore Ballroom Bonnie Prince Billy, Human Bell @ St. James Community Hall	11 Bonnie Prince Billy, Human Bell @ St. James Community Hall Canucks vs. Flames @ BC Place (10:00 PM EST ET) - CBC	12 Frank Black, Kentucky Prophet @ The Commodore Ballroom Lee "Scratch" Perry @ Richard's on Richards Juan de Marcos and Afro-Cuban All Stars @ The Chan Centre	13 Margaret MacMillan speaks @ The Chan Centre	14 SHINDIG presents: The Choir Practice, TBA, TBA @ Railway Club The Rapture, The Presets @ Richard's on Richards	15 Robots on Fire, Language is OK, A Date With Destiny @ The Cobalt K-OS, Magenta Lane @ The Commodore Ballroom	16 Roy Lamontagne, David Ford @ The Centre in Vancouver for Performing Arts	17 Tokyo Police Club, The Pants Situation @ Gallery Lounge, UBC The Album Leaf, windows78 @ Plaza Club	18 The Decembrists, Alasdair Roberts @ The Commodore Ballroom	19 The Decembrists, Alasdair Roberts @ The Commodore Ballroom	20 Laundry Night... @ Richard's On Richards	21 Sean Lennon @ Richard's On Richards	22 Castle Project, Uncut, The Diableros @ The Media Club D. Trevlon, The Summer Brothers @ The Media Club Fun 100, Hot Licks, International Falls, Pink Reason @ The Other Space	23 Raising The Pawn, In-Flight Safety, Mico @ The Lamplighter	24 Art Market @ Soma 10am-6pm	25 Calendar Art by Nicole Ondre	26 Robert Silverman @ The Chan Centre for the Performing Arts	27 The Dears, The Bloodlines @ Richard's On Richards	28 Canucks vs Blue Jackets @ GM Place (10:00 EST ET)	29 Cat Power and The Memphis Rhythm Band @ The Commodore Ballroom Les Georges Leningrad, Duchess says @ The Media Club Amy Millan (of Stars), Leeroy Stagger @ Plaza Club	30 The Be Good Tanyas, Nathan, Ora Cogan @ The Commodore Ballroom
4 Islands, Besnard Lakes, Subtilite @ SUB Ballroom, UBC fake shark real zombie, Mongoose, Fun 100, BA Johnston @ Video-In Studios Sparta, Sound Team, The Februarys @ Richard's On Richards	3 The Rollings Stones, Van Morrison @ BC Place The Goleys, Last Plague, Sound Of The Swamp, Breaking the Chains @ Pub 340	2 Julie Dorian, Shotgun and Jaybird, Woolly Leaves @ Richard's on Richards The Real McKenzies, Raised by Wolves, Los Furios, The Dreadnoughts @ The Red Room																								

Calendar Art by Nicole Ondre

Harkema, dressed in a yellow t-shirt emblazoned with the ESL-unfriendly slogan, "I Fuck the Man," brought *Monkey Warfare* to the 2006 VIFF, where I was able to talk with him about his history with punk, Direct Action, and political activism. He stressed to the crowd at the first screening that though the film is set in the Parkdale district of Toronto, *Monkey Warfare* is an East Van movie at heart.

Disorder: I'm furious...It seems like we must have been at a lot of the same gigs. Were you at the Dead Kennedys at the York Theatre, in, I think, '84 or '85?

Reg: No. But I was at Nomeansno's first gig as a three piece. In '84, opening for DOA. That was at the York Theatre, as well. I kinda got into punk through the Pointed Sticks, believe it or not, in the late 70s, and wanted to go see the Rock Against Radiation show, but I was too young. My Mom wouldn't let me go. And then I sorta drifted out of the punk scene for a little bit. I drifted back into the whole punk thing when a friend turned me on to CTR at a U2 concert. Eventually I started DJing at CTR, a few years later, when I was going to UBC.

What was your show?
It was called "The Visiting Penguins" I believe. We were always accused of stealing records, but I want to set the "record" straight that nothing in my collection says "CYTR" on it!

What was your first awareness of Direct Action?
Just the sorta media blitz of it on TV, and my Dad going on about what a bunch of malcontents they were, what a disgrace. My Dad was a former cop, a Vancouver City Police cop, working in the Downtown Eastside. I guess he was a homicide detective at that time. mind you

How did you feel about it when you heard about it?
Well, I was, at the time, pretty apolitical, and didn't even really pay attention to the news or anything, and didn't really care. "Free the Five" was just another slogan to me. It was only until about a year later that I became sort of politicized, when I started going back to the Clash records that I'd bought.

don't know if you remember, but there were slogans on the back of DOA albums and stuff at the time, like, "Talk - Action = Zero." Glen Sanford, who made the documentary about Gerry, Ulesner, reports seeing graffiti around town reading "Talk - Direct Action = Zero." He says there was a real mood of tension in Vancouver in those years, which I remember. I remember being nervous about the whole punk thing, because I was getting into it, and I was, like, 15, and I didn't really know what it was about or where I stood or what would be required of me. DOA were recording songs like "Burn It Down," talking about burning down prisons and things like that, in support of the Five. That stuff scared the hell out of me, but I thought, "Well, fuck it, back during the Cold War, that people had actually stood up against me. That did stuff not have an impact on you?"

Yeah, you know, a little bit. Because once I did become a little bit politicized, a little bit aware—once the narrow crack in the door was opened for me, I kinda went through it full force, and got involved with the Green Party and canvassed for them and so on. The DOA songs

that affected me more than those songs was "General Strike". I think that was like '83, '84, something like that. They took the name from the Polish solidarity movement and applied it to some NDP worker's movement in BC at the time. I think the song was written for that, and I was really into that song and into Green Party politics.

But it was all less grounded in reality for me and more in teenage playacting, almost, I mean, this was while I was living with my parents. I was pretty sheltered. I'd grown up in a Christian, church-going home with a cop as a father, right, so I was never really in the streets, so to speak. "Free the Five" seemed like just another cause.

I definitely have empathy for their aims, but I just don't see violence as a solution to anything. There's a continuum going from what they were trying to do, right up to Hiroshima

Actually, my most "direct action," if you will, was at that DOA concert at the York Theatre, when I was kinda offended by some anti-religious stuff that was being shouted by Joey Shithead and I leapt onstage and pulled some banner down and unceremoniously got tossed out of the theatre. I wonder if he remembers that? (laughs).

Someone somewhere is gonna read that and go "That was you!" And after that I kinda got more into the Violent Femmes and goth music, after the trauma of that DOA gig. (laughs)

You said at the Q&A for the screening of your film that you had sympathy, but not necessarily approval, for Direct Action. Do you want to elaborate on that?

Well, what they wanted to do, their whole vision of what society can and should be is a hard one to argue with. I still have very left-leaning politics and one of the obvious thematic streams of my own film was the whole bicycle thing and all that. I've never owned a car and I ride a bike wherever I go. I definitely have empathy for their aims, but I just don't see violence as a solution to anything. There's a continuum going from what they were trying to do, right up to Hiroshima.

I don't know if you want to get into a little third person argument with Gerry Hannah here, but Gerry said to me that he questioned whether it should be described as violence, because, accidents aside, they were attacking property but not people. But if I can kick in my cynical Godard side, Godard was nailing that in *La Chinoise* a year before the May '68 rioting, when he was showing how awry that can go. I read Ann Hansen's book *Direct Action* and I kinda wished they'd been cinema fans, and watched Godard, rather than listening to the Doors. Have you seen *La Chinoise*?

It's a film about a bunch of Parisian students who spend a summer away from school, studying Mao and debating the use of violence versus non-violence in terms of trying to effect change in the world. They decide to undertake a violent act, to assassinate a Soviet minister who is visiting to open a new wing of the Sorbonne. It just goes wrong. The woman who goes in to do the assassination looks at the hotel registry where the Soviet minister is staying, but she reads it upside-down and goes into room 23 instead of 32, and shoots the person there, so then she has to go back to room 32 and shoot the other guy.

In the middle of the film, there's a discussion with a philosopher who was involved with the Algerian resistance movement, and it's an interesting discussion, because he actually advocated violence in the Algerian resistance, but it was because there was a widespread social movement backing him. Which is the point Ann Hansen makes throughout her book, is that they felt isolated, because in North America there is no widespread social movement backing people to overthrow the establishment, simply because everyone's too content here. I guess I should mitigate what I'm saying. If you're in an oppressed nation, where you're under the boot of a dictatorship, certainly I guess violence, maybe, is an option...

Here, we're too comfortable, so it stands out as a fairly unusual behaviour. It doesn't win a whole lot of approval for the cause. No. And you become that which you're fighting against.

(Mild Spoiler Warning: from here on in, spoilers begin to accumulate. If you hate spoilers, you'd best save the rest of the article until after you see the film. If you don't mind mild spoilers, it's safe to continue for now).

Your characters seem like they're in a state of denial or re-

morse—they seem to have suppressed a lot of their political feelings in reaction to the fact that this security guard got injured. Am I reading that correctly? Are they supposed to be running from their pasts?

Yeah, they're both carrying huge amounts of guilt. I don't know how well this comes through in the film, but part of the guilt is a result of them inwardly blaming themselves for what happened, but outwardly blaming each other. It probably could have been drawn a bit better, but there's a moment, after they reveal their secret to the young girl, where Don is saying "It was my fault," and it becomes a little dialogue

between the two of them. It has resonance any time I watch it, but I'm not sure it's having resonance for the audience.

(Spoiler red alert: they get more serious from here on in. Read at your own discretion)

I wanted to ask you what you wanted the film to say, actually. There's a sense of something generational going on. You're very aware of the radicals of the 1960s in the film, and then there's Don and Tracy as 80s radicals from Vancouver, and there's this young kid smashing up SUVs, so there's a sense of something being handed down from generation to generation. The last line of the film—'You guys should have taught me how to make a Molotov cocktail'—do you think they should've?

The last line drives a lot of the screenplay types crazy, right, because it doesn't really wrap it up and become it home. I'm not really offering a message; it's more a discussion of whether they should have or not, and it's more speaking to the overriding framework, in my mind, of how society takes our idealism and beats it down so that we're slotted into these little units that function, not for the betterment of our society, but for the way the powers that be want our society to work. Most obviously the nuclear family, right?

So at that moment that she says that to them, they're kind of like her surrogate parents. And what do parents do? They practice a form of censorship on their children. And what do the greater, overriding "parents" in our society, the powers that be, do? They practice a form of censorship on the masses. That's why we go into this whole discussion of hidden histories and what history is taught, y'know? We're taught how Ronald Reagan told Gorbachev to pull the wall down, and that ended the Cold War, but we're not taught about people like the Vancouver Five and the radical anarchist movement.

Well, one person who has been hashing over this history is Warren Kinsella. Did you read the chapter on Gerry in *Fury's Hour*?

Yeah. I was a little bit disappointed, because obviously the guy has written a few things and obviously he's got half a brain, but he's got an axe to grind. It brings out the worst in human character. It just seemed to be more a polemic and a character assassination than anything else. It's just really prurient and juvenile, some of the stuff, where he just takes stuff Gerry Hannah said out of context and just makes some kind of joke about it.

It seems really snide.
Snide, exactly.

It's unfortunate, because he's doing an important thing, by interviewing Terry Chikowski, the real guard. You've said you didn't know Chikowski's name until I mentioned it; well, I didn't know his name until I read *Fury's Hour*. In a way, I'm kinda grateful, because I was one of these Free the Five people when I was a kid, I was supporting this, and I didn't want to think about Chikowski very much.

But you're someone who is trying to see both sides of it. Kinsella is doing the research and finding this guy to shove it in Hannah's face.

The theory that's coming up from talking with Hannah is that a lot of this stems from Kinsella being pissed off that Hannah wouldn't do an interview with him.

Yeah, exactly. I'm not surprised by that. It seems like a personal grudge thing is going on.

Yep. So, let's talk about eBay for a bit.

You know, if you look in the movie, there's a couple of inserts in the movie of it being this website called Antiques Online. And I dealt long and hard with the issue of how these people don't have credit cards or anything, and how are we gonna make it legit that they could sell online, so no one would go "you need a credit card to sell on eBay, how are they gonna do that when they're underground?" After screening the film a few times—people just fuckin' don't care (laughs). In fact it's always referred to as eBay, as well, in reviews.

Is there meant to be any commentary on the commodification of punk? At one point the girl takes Don to task for placing too much value on his books as artefacts that are worth something.

Definitely. There's a commentary along the lines of how our idealism is commodified and made palatable and sold. The Baader-Meinhof book—Ann Hansen herself went to Europe in the 1980s in the waning days of that and was inspired by what was going on there—and now it's become this book to be valued, so hopefully it will make some money when they need it when they're too old to get some medicine, or something.

I mean, the film doesn't seem cynical per se, but you're certainly not very optimistic about the state of things right now. I mean, this is our idealism: hiding underground, rooting through trash, selling shit on the internet and hoping to just get by.

Oh yeah. When the movie's released and the Vancouver Sun coverage on the movie comes out, I think there'll be a Katherine Monk interview with me and three actors, and the large bulk of the interview is them talking about what a sense of hope the movie has, and me refuting everything they say. I think that what it comes down to is the actors live in the world of their characters and see their characters as going beyond the last frame of the movie, where as I see them almost as little chess pieces and their lives end at that last frame. So for me, it's over, boom, there's no hope. 23 years from now, no one's gonna give a fuck, so let's deal with it. "Live in the now, man." Whereas they're like, "They've formed a little family, let's go on."

We arrive at the nuclear family.

I'm hard pressed to see the positivity and the hope in that.

Well, but...our own families, we don't usually get what we want from our own families. Everyone has leftovers. But in the way that we seek out alternate histories, you seek out alternate fathers and figures of inspiration, other teachings. And in a way, this girl has found people who can look out for her, and have at least a little bit of wisdom that they can impart on her. So there's a little bit of hope there.

I guess, y'know, as long as she applies aloe vera leaves to her face every day and it heals and all that, and she doesn't rat these two out, they may have some kind of understanding, some sort of relationship, because her involvement in threatening guerrilla activity has probably come to an end. So I guess in that sense there is some hope.

So if you were to make a sequel, what would you do?

(laughs) I dunno. I keep thinking in terms of the last scene which was never shot, actually, which I wrote for a sales agent who was really interested in giving us some money up front. She wanted to see a couple more scenes and one final scene after that one to bring to her people, so she could convince them to give us some money so we could shoot in Super 16. She never did, but the last scene was them winding up on a beach somewhere and Tracy unwrapping Nadia's bandages and her face is all healed up, and Don reaching over and putting on a record on the portable record player, and the song is "Revolution Blues" by Neil Young, and that was gonna play over the end credits. So I guess the sequel would be Agitation in the South Pacific. Or Toronto Island. Something like that.

I really liked the song you used over the end credits, Leonard Cohen's "The Old Revolution."

Yeah, that came pretty late in the game. All the music was kinda in the realm of "Yeah, we'll be able to afford it," which is why we used it. That one was a little bit pricier than anything else, but the producer managed to get it inexpensively, relative to Leonard Cohen. We were actually going to end with a Weird War song at one point...or

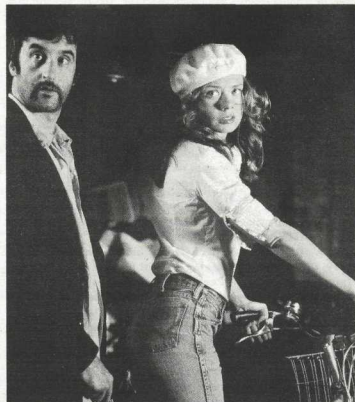


the Halo Benders. They have this song, "Bomb Shelter Parts One and Two," which has got these great lines in it: "Next time you're at one of those big concerts waving your lighter, don't waste your lighter fluid! Take it to the streets, let 'em know how you feel!" And that was gonna dovetail into our little Molotov cocktail thing with Flick Harrison after the end credits (which I gather from IMDB, may be removed from the theatrical version of the film "for legal reasons.") But yeah, "The Old Revolution" is so appropriate as a poetic summation of Don and Tracy's relationship in the film: "Into this furnace/ I ask you now to venture/ You whom I cannot betray." They're held together by that secret, and the whole fire thing...

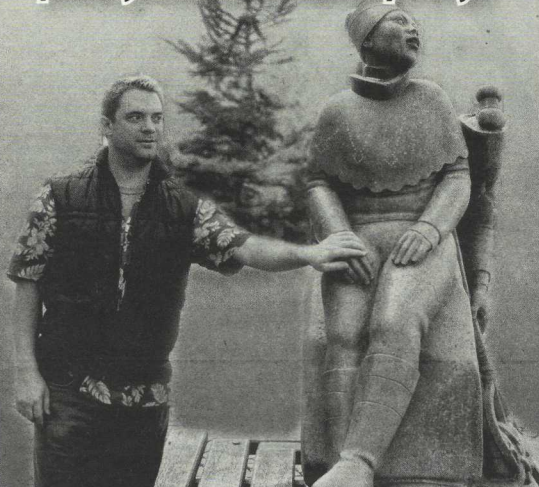
There's a generational thing there, as well.

Yeah. And those paying close attention, hopefully, will pick up on the fact that it's the same song Nadia labelled as "hippie shit" earlier in the film!

Note: I'm currently considering doing a larger project on some of the issues dealt with here, specifically around Direct Action. If anyone thinks they have interesting stories they'd like to see in print, please email me at ammactnn@hotmail.com. **d**



*"Don't let this guy
plan your Christmas party!"*



We plan, you party!

Call Christine at 604.605.4328
or christine@doolins.ca

**DOOLIN'S
IRISH PUB**
Your Neighbourhood Pub

654 Nelson St. :: 604.605.4343 :: doolins.ca

**the
cellar**

1006 Granville St. :: 604.605.4350 :: cellarvan.com

**the
Roxy**

932 Granville St. :: 604.331.7999 :: roxyvan.com

DOOLIN'S IRISH PUB

Your Neighbourhood Pub

Hockey Headquarters

CANUCKS

TV



PAY - P E R - V I E W

Showing all games on our HD TV's

Join us on game days for the Draw
at 6:30pm for 2 Down and Dirty
And all sorts of prizes for all different sizes

Come in for details

For game schedule and info

654 Nelson Street | 604.605.4328 | www.doolins.ca

GEN

**the
cellar**

*Where were you
Wednesdays?*

*Radio One
playing The best of
90's Rock*



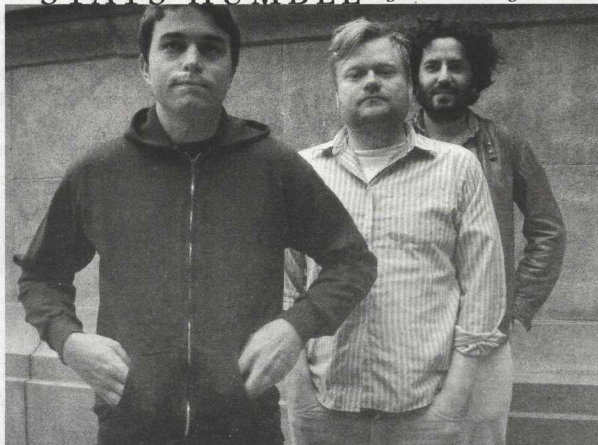
★ **Heineken.**

1006 Granville :: 604.605.4350 :: www.cellarvan.com

HALFWAY TO A THREEWAY

SWAN LAKE

STAYS HUMBLE by Saelen Twerdy



In February of this year, Dan Bejar, Carey

Mercer, and Spencer Krug huddled down in a house in Victoria and spent a month together recording songs, bringing to fruition an idea that they'd been talking about since their Destroyer/Frog Eyes European tour in 2005. They dubbed their three-headed supergroup Swan Lake, and their album, *Beast Moans*, has already stirred up fervent anticipation. This is, after all, the fantasized-about union of three of the West Coast's most celebrated and idiosyncratic indie rock songwriters, and it's coming at a time when all three are at new high points in their careers: Destroyer's *Rubies* is a fierce contender for album of the year, even if it was perversely passed over by the Polaris Prize; Spencer Krug's debut as Sunset Rubdown has garnered almost as much attention as the songs he penned for Wolf Parade's breakthrough album *Apologies to the Queen Mary*; and Frog Eyes has already released one album this year (the brief *The Future Is Inter-disciplinary or Not at All* on Spanish label Acuarola) and they're gearing up for next year's spring release of *Tears of the Valedictorian*.

So, naturally, bloggers of the world are waiting anxiously in front of their keyboards, nails clasped between teeth, to either venerate this historic release or tear it to shreds. As some guys from Long Island once said, stakes is high. However, as I spoke to Carey Mercer over the phone

and Dan Bejar via email (from Granada, Spain, where he's working on new songs, apartment renovations, and enjoying life), they both told me the same thing that fans will discover for themselves when the album hits stores on November 21: *Beast Moans* is the casual, private product of three long-time friends, hanging out by themselves.

"We really love each other's work," Mercer told me. "So we were like, 'Well, duh, let's make a band.' None of us were like, 'By the way, the blog community is going to be up in arms about this,' or, 'Man, there's going to be a lot of buzz.' Or also, there might be a lot of backlash. I don't think any of us consider what we do to be especially worthy of half a sentence. Worth listening to, maybe. You know what I mean? What I'm trying to say is that it wasn't made with the intention of blowing open the dam or anything. To me, I think it sounds like we're at least trying to make a humble record."

For three songwriters as prone to the bombastic as Bejar, Mercer, and Krug, "humble" might be a little misleading—especially when the music is so raggedly, spectacularly grand—but *Beast Moans* manages to be both epic and intimate. From the spiraling, controlled chaos of "Widow's Walk" to the, uh, bleary, semi-controlled chaos of "Shooting Rockets" (both penned by Bejar), the album echos with the noise of its own construction. Layered and dense, it's nevertheless among the rawest and most immediate material that any of its creators have released,

owing to their decision to self-produce and to the obvious fact that each artist was teaching their songs to the others as they were being recorded.

"We needed the kind of luxury that doing it yourself provides, as far as building a record out of nothing is concerned," Bejar explains. Acknowledging the roughness of the mix, Carey remarks that, "It would have been really frustrating to have someone else in there. Also, I think we just wanted to do it ourselves. We've been in studios enough, the three of us. I'm not saying that we can do anything that a studio can, but there's pros and cons to both."

Discussing his aspirations for the project, Mercer says, "I was pretty curious to see how it would sound, what would happen with it. Would a dominant person emerge?" I was surprised to hear that, despite all three parties having such strong, distinct personalities, there was little friction during the recording process. One might have expected a little animosity between Krug and Mercer now that the former has moved to Montreal and struck it big (in indie terms) with a sound suspiciously similar to his mentor's, but Bejar and Mercer both assured me that the opposite was true.

"At the same time as everyone is a strong personality, no one really thinks too highly of themselves," Mercer laughs ruefully. "It's like, 'Oh, you have an idea? Thank God, because my idea is shitty.' I think maybe we typify the modern Canadian cliché, in that respect." Bejar expands on the band's dynamic. "I guess we are friends first and foremost. Obviously the public eye doesn't enter the picture when you're in the studio, and that public eye is so vague and squinty anyway that who cares. There's more tangible things like sneaking into a song in the middle of the night and muting or un-muting things. That was more a Carey/Spencer back-and-forth, and they've been pretty good at resolving things like that for years now. A lot of mutual respect, which is why I was the coffee boy/chauffeur."

He isn't joking, either. Before moving operations to Victoria, the trio originally attempted to record in a studio belonging to Dante Decaro (formerly of Hot Hot Heat, now of Wolf Parade) in Shawnigan Lake, but as Mercer relates, "because only one of us had a driver's license and you have to drive over the Malahat to get there... it was quite deadly. So no one could really drink." As it happens, Bejar was the one with the license, and Krug and Mercer weren't so circumspect about the drinking. The arrangement didn't last long.

As for the nature of the song-writing process, Bejar is modest. "I didn't do much in the way of co-writing any songs. On their songs it was more like—'Bejar! Sing these words here! Good, now do that again!' And on mine it was like, 'Yes, your singing on 'Shooting Rockets' is quite musical. No, it absolutely does not sound like you've never heard this song before. Now on this take try singing into the mic, not that bottle over there.' There's obvious mutual touchstones among the trio, though, so even though the songs were written more or less individually (though, with the exception of Bejar's "The Freedom", all

of the songs were written with Swan Lake in mind) they still cohere together remarkably well. For example, allusions to glam rock in general and David Bowie in particular are virtually inescapable in any Destroyer or Frog Eyes review.

Mercer, however, protests: "I don't really know the specifics of any of those art-rockers like Roxy Music or whatever. They were pretty cutting-edge for their time, right? But I don't know if we're really interested in being 'cutting-edge' in the urban sense. I think the record actually might be proof of that. I think the pastoral influences suggest a turning away from the drive to keep ahead and make something that's entirely new. We were talking about this: at some point, you start to realize that, you know, Neil Young is totally brilliant and Bob Dylan is completely awesome, but at that point, do you give up everything that's made you *not* some horrible Canadian troubadour? There's always that tension. I think, between the cliché of the new and the cliché of the old. It's pretty exhausting, to actually always be thinking about it, and I think occasionally you find a good balance between the two, and I hope that *Beast Moans*—that every record, actually—is both escaping the old clichés and the new clichés, too. I hope."

On the same subject, Dan was loquacious. "I think there's certain chords and chord progressions I associate with glam-rock, and I think I still hit 'em every once in a while, and so does Carey (I find Spencer's melodies a little harder to predict). I think we both like the tone of a very important man addressing his people, 'cause there is no better tone from which tragedy can ensue! Mercer has a lot of the drunk emperor announcing the dissolution of the republic to an empty gymnasium in Duncan. My songs might be more like the coked-up, over-the-hill director firing the film crew in his head. I find Spencer's tunes a little less populated by these apes, but that being said, his song-writing is still evolving, shifting really fast compared to mine or Mercer's, which by this point you can smell the stink of from a mile away. I mean the difference between Krug's songs on *Shut Up...* and *Beast Moans* is considerable, in my opinion anyway. Youth is still on his side, though barely."

This very quality of self-reflexivity in terms of history and the larger questions involved in creating work in the rock 'n' roll context is another feature which brings these three songwriters together and sets them apart, which Mercer happily recognizes: "We do struggle, not only with

making the music and performing it and making it sound good, that's a huge struggle, but also the kind of greater meta-struggle of picking up a guitar and plugging it in in front of a bunch of people—there's, like, a moral struggle there! [laughs] Because, *man*...everything you do...you're always kinda mocking yourself. I guess. And I think that's one of our bonds."

So, with so much shared in terms of influence and imagery, it's hardly surprising that three men should have jointly generated an album with a more or less unified theme. In Bejar's words, "Loss, separation—shit makes the world go round! In Carey's songs I see a concern with being a 'good citizen'. Spencer's stuff seems to be peopled with mythical characters writ small, not like gods or unicorns or anything like that. I'm pretty into café culture these days, with the exception of one song that I wrote with my neighborhood in mind, if my neighborhood was like, uh, Copenhagen between the wars."

Carey casts the album in similar terms: "We didn't write five themes on a board and pick one, but I think that there's a few songs that touch on losing people. And you can lose people in so many ways: in physical, real ways, in others. And that's

a pretty private thing. Like I said, I think there is kind of a gentle pastoral element, too. It felt really private making it, because for one thing, for months, nobody but us had heard it. Usually, when you record your record—like with the last Frog Eyes record—we toured every song, every song had been played in front of people, we recorded a few songs for a website. But with this one, no one had heard the songs."

"And another thing that was neat was that, since no one had heard these songs, we'd send Dan in and he'd play a song on the acoustic guitar, or when Spencer was singing, it would be me and Dan and we'd get this, like, really happy look," Carey continues. "It was really awesome to have that moment where the song unfolds to you for the first time. And you could tell that neither person had sung the song a million times, either. So it was still pretty fresh for the songwriter. So I guess that's probably one of the moments that I'll remember when I'm old, from making music. Sitting there in the control room with that feeling that something that is someone else's is now, to some degree, yours." **D**

Vancouver New Music presents

No Neck Blues Band (NYC)

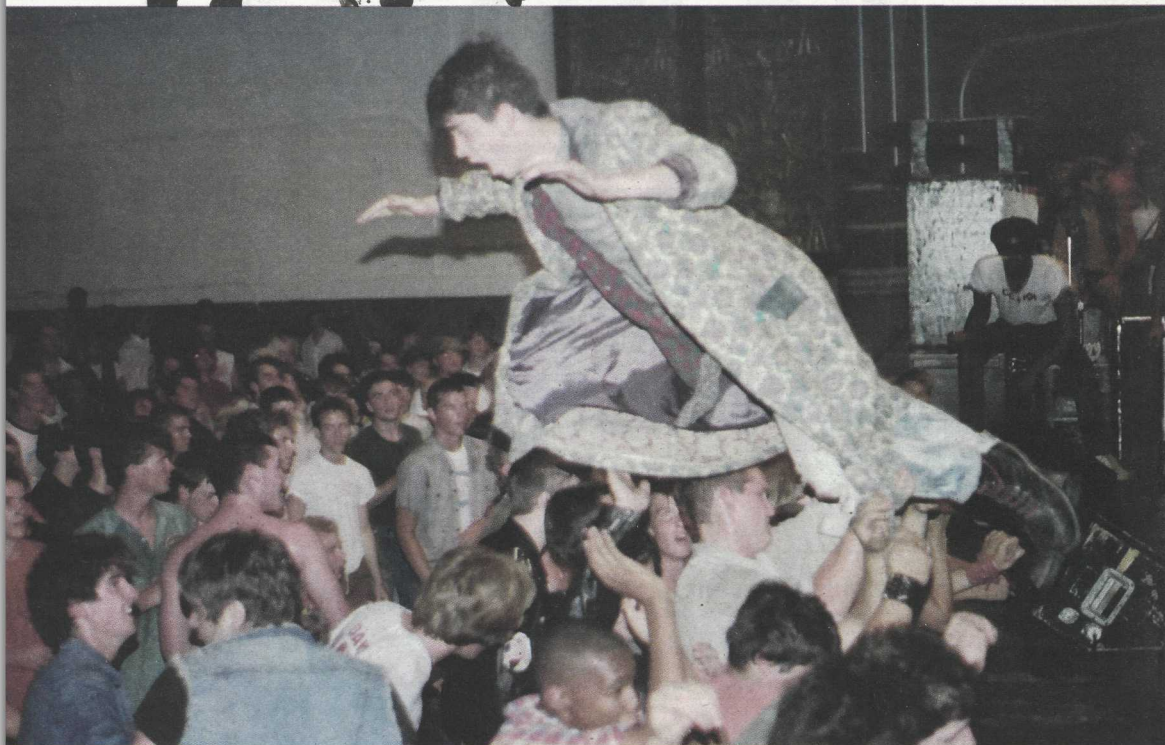
w/ IMP(s) (Victoria)



Friday 10 November 2006 8 PM
Granville Island Stage \$20/\$15
 Tickets available from the Arts Club Box Office, Ticketmaster (604.280.3311) and at the door www.newmusic.org

IAN

Illuminated by the Light



Ian leaps into the crowd in June 1984 at Washington, DC's Newton Theater wearing the robe of John Stabb. Also on the bill—Underground Soldier, Negative Approach, Malefice, and Husker Du.

SVENONIUS

HAS THE ANSWERS

by Saelan Twerdy

PHOTO BY SARAH FRANCES WOODELL
see more at flickr.com/photos/francesrust

YOU MAY ALREADY KNOW IAN Svenonius as the yelping, hip-shaking frontman for various obscenely influential bands like Nation of Ulysses, The Make-Up, and more recently, Weird War and The Scene Creamers. Long notorious for filling his liner notes and lyrics with radical leftist manifestos and ranting exegeses on rock n' roll and cultural politics, he's also been covertly penning highly original socio-political essays and publishing them in journals like *Index*, *Plan B*, and *Sound Collector*. Now, finally, Drag City has issued the definitive Ian Svenonius reader: a 300-page collection of nineteen essays, bound in a hot pink, soft-plastic shell so tiny that it'll fit in your pocket. Like such infamous portable volumes as *The Communist Manifesto* and Mao's *Little Red Book*, Svenonius' omnibus attempts to cover all the necessary topics (i.e. Beatles vs. Stones, scientology, freemasonry, the Lord of the Rings, and Swedish girls). As the author claims in the prefatory "Instructions", *The Psychic Soviet* "should clear up much of the confusion regarding events of the last millennium—artistic, geo-political, philosophical, et al." *Disorder* spoke with Ian Svenonius over the phone to illuminate various aspects of this historic publication and the lecture tour that accompanied it.

Disorder: Have you been planning on doing this book for a while? Because you've been known for a long time as an articulate ranter in liner notes and interviews and so on.

Svenonius: Yeah, this book has sort of been in the works for a little while. Over half the essays compiled in the book were previously published in periodicals, so it's been kind of a lurking plan to put them out as an Ian Svenonius reader. But I had to write some framing essays to tie all that together, one of which was the title essay, "The Psychic Soviet", which talks about the discovery of psychoecotics by the American ruling class, and explaining some of the larger themes. So that took a little while. And I also had to make sure that it worked the right way. The presentation is always essential.

Why was now a good time to release the book?

Well, actually it was supposed to come out about year ago, but we had a lot of trouble getting the cover to look right.

The cover is quite spectacular. What prompted you to go with the hot pink?

Well it had to be hot pink. That was central to it, the whole rock 'n' roll cult; the pink cadillac, punk is pink, pink is central to rock 'n' roll, but it also refers to "pinkie." So it addresses both of the themes of the book: socialism and rock 'n' roll. It bridges these two disparate and possibly antagonistic ideologies.

Do you plan on doing more writing of this type in the future?

I don't know. I'll definitely do a few more presentations of this type, maybe on the West Coast, Boston, Toronto, places like that. Maybe rework my lectures. I wanted to address rock 'n' roll literature a bit more.

Are there any rock 'n' roll writers you particularly admire? How do you feel about Lester Bangs, for instance?

Well, Lester Bangs is really responsible for the kind of idiotic way that people write about rock 'n' roll. This kind of diary style, gonzo, self-referential style. And Lester Bangs, like a lot of people who spawn a paradigm, his work might be great, but the thousand ships that he launched are kind of reprehensible. If you read about music nowadays, it's awful, despicable. It's appalling.

Do you read much in the way of contemporary cultural studies? You're pretty well-versed in Marx. And you reference Dick Hebdige in your book.

No, not really. I just read about history. I don't really read academia. It's so self-referential and it's so laden down with footnotes that it's basically unreadable. And academics tend to write in a style where they're circling the wagons. They're writing for their own little community and they emboss what they write in a veneer of science. They're purposefully impenetrable. I avoid it in my book. It's not to be confused with academia in any way.

Do you think you offer a model for emulation?

Yeah, I do actually, and I think that the response the book is getting shows that the book is filling a void. The book itself isn't particularly brilliant, it's just that it's addressing the previously-mentioned poverty of rock writing. It's not only that you can walk into Borders books and there might be five hundred volumes about the Sex Pistols and how Elvis' shaking pelvis inverted culture or whatever, but it's just the same tired myth. It's ultimately boring. I think the book is just addressing this void. I have no education, but I am a rock 'n' roll worker. I'm part of the rock 'n' roll work force. I have a firsthand experience and insight and I'm asking the pertinent questions: why did rock 'n' roll assume paradigmatic status as America's number one export during the Cold War? Why has it been alternately bankrolled or abandoned by its benefactors? What is the point of its ideology and why have we accepted the idea that it's still liberating?

Do you think people should continue to play rock 'n' roll? I mean, you do.

People have inherited rock 'n' roll because it's an exciting expression, and it's an exciting expression because it's a synthesis of all art, really. It's Wagner's dream, the synthesis of art, it's like opera. But it's not extraordinarily expensive to produce, and you don't have to be a diva to make something exciting. Obviously, rock 'n' roll is a magical, mystical medium. And the book, by addressing these issues, it's about where it comes from and what its use has been, by the ruling class, which is not to say that rock 'n' roll is a bad thing. Obviously, I've dedicated my life to playing rock 'n' roll. I've been in various groups, and I continue to be in a group that records and puts out music, of course, but it's just a question: why is this regarded as such a great expression, and is that just popular consensus? Does the market really betray people's feelings? Is a hit song a hit song because it's played a

bunch on the radio, or is a hit song a hit song because people request it over and over again?

An impression I get from your book is that the idea of rock 'n' roll as a counter-cultural force is basically illusory. Do you think rock 'n' roll ever really had emancipatory properties, or continues to?

Well, that's what's addressed in my essay "Rock 'n' Roll as Religion," which talks about rock 'n' roll as an enormous ideological putsch, as radical an ideological transformation as has ever been initiated by any of the revolutions throughout history. Meaning that, when rock 'n' roll took over from Christianity as the paradigm of American culture, it was a coup d'état. It happened without announcement. And it has to do with economic forces: the old style of plutocratic capitalism was based on slave labour, this kind of serfdom that most people had to endure, so Christianity was a way to placate the masses and tell them

—and become, like, a Disunited States? Maybe that sounds too negative.

Oh, I don't know. I mean, America should be wiped off the map. It should be, it's disgusting. And by that I mean the running president and what he's done about Israel. It's a political entity that should be wiped off the map. I don't mean the people should be annihilated by nukes...

Just as a political entity.

Right.

So...are you working on a new Weird War album?

Yeah. We've got some songs recorded, and we're going to record some more, but we're not playing for a couple months because Alex is touring Extra Golden, which is one of his other bands, and Sebastian is playing with his other band, Trans Am, so we're really not doing anything for a few months.

Another thing, kind of going off-topic again, but you seem really dismissive about hip hop in your book. And the points you make about DJ culture, I think, are really relevant, but do you think there's really no value in hip hop as a style?

Oh no, no. Hip hop is obviously very exciting, great music. I was just being glib in my book because the DJ article was so long. I wrote it for *Sound Collector*, and it was getting too long, so I oversimplified some things for readability. You're right, it's an unfair marginalization of hip hop, but I think what I'm saying is still true in a hyper-generalist sense.

Well, I think your criticisms of hip hop are just more relevant to club music in particular. That particular kind of hip hop has become America's biggest musical export now, rather than rock 'n' roll.

Well, I think *The Psychic Soviet* addresses that. When there was a socialist competitor to capitalist ideology, rock 'n' roll had all the old pretenses that we'd inherited from art. Like, we don't talk about money, and there were certain lines that people didn't cross about direct commercial marketing, because rock had inherited the old European tradition. And that's all been abandoned, and that abandonment coincided with the ascendancy of hip hop, which also coincided with the end of the Soviet Union and socialism. Once capitalism has no viable competitor, then suddenly the music becomes so vulgar as a commercial exponent of luxury products and prostitution. It's amazing. And the pretense is that this is the voice of the inner city, but really it's the voice of finance capitalism and imperialism. I mean, the voice of the ghetto was the party hip hop that organically developed through the 70s and 80s, it wasn't gangster rap.

It's kind of perverse how the mainstream has really taken to gangster rap, though.

That's true. But in being dismissive of hip-hop, I'm not being dismissive of the art form. I'm being dismissive of the soundtrack of Madison Avenue.

What are you really excited about right now?

That's a good question. Let me think about it. New discoveries, you mean. Oh, Lord Whimsy's book, *The Affected Provincial's Companion*, vol. One. I just started it, but I like it.

I guess a book like that is, in a way, along the same lines as yours. You know, his perspectives, in an 18th-century-pamphleteer-style ranting, produced in a neat little volume.

Yeah, yeah. I just got it. I do feel like it's a companion piece, even if we have very different things to say. It's well-written.

Well, thanks a lot, man. I hope that if you take your lecture tour on the road again, that you come to the West Coast. Or next time Weird War goes on tour.

Yeah! We should come to Vancouver. That would be in the winter, I think. January, maybe, when nobody else is on the road.

"The corporate structure is actually bound, by its very nature, to grow at any cost. The directors can do no other thing. So there's systemic evil in the corporate structure and in capitalism. And nobody's culpable because it's not one evil man"

that poverty was noble and that they were going to be rewarded in the afterlife. Now, rock 'n' roll is the opposite of Christianity, but it's very similar in a way, too. It's aping the template. We have saints and blind faith and a kind of mystical fervor, but it's saying the exact opposite things from Christianity: you need it all immediately. Consumerism is saying binge, and get it all, and sex is great. It's based on the Keynesian economic system. And of course Keynesianism is a kind of fascist model of government where it's a collusion between corporate power and federal government power. It's based on consumerism. So, really, rock 'n' roll is a way of getting people out of a Depression mentality and the Christian ethos of denial.

Something you don't account for in the book, though, is the recent resurgence of fundamentalism. Do you think that's something that's just going to pass?

Well, you see, America's a very complicated place. It's got 300 million people, maybe more. It's difficult, we make these generalizations about America, and I do it too, but American fundamentalism is no longer the same thing as the Christianity of the past or of Europe. It's no longer based on self-denial, it's based on...well, I don't know what it's based on, but its focus seems to be on very specific moral issues like, you know, anal sex.

What do you think is the gravest threat to mankind right now?

Well, it's really capitalism, because capitalism worships growth at any cost. The corporate structure is actually bound, by its very nature, to grow at any cost. The directors can do no other thing. So there's systemic evil in the corporate structure and in capitalism. And nobody's culpable because it's not one evil man. Obviously you can focus your hatred on George Bush and that's all very fine, but it's totally beyond that.

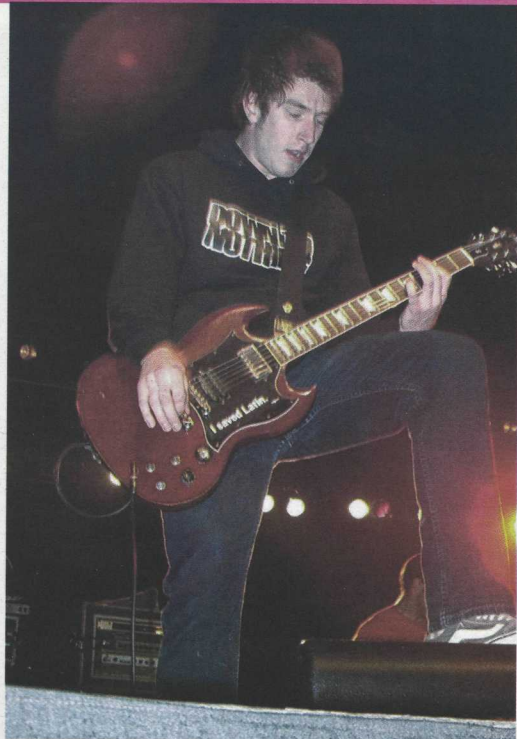
So how do you think the average person can fight systemic evil?

Well, what you do is you promote systemic good, a different system. Like socialism. Or at least the idea that growth is not necessarily good. It's really difficult because we live in these countries where the political process is so abstract because they're so fucking big. Three hundred million people. Too many people for one country! Because nobody feels like they have any ability to transform anything, and there's no state government. You know what I mean? The articles of the confederation, that was a good idea. Because if people in the USA, for example, felt like they had enough power to secede from the union...well, that'd be great. If California said, hey, we're not going to go along with this Iraq war, we're going to secede from the union. They could invoke that threat.

Do you think the country should decentralize—

Oh, definitely.

((RLA))



Comeback Kid at the PNE Forum

Photo by Marielle Kho

PELICAN DAUGHTERS KEN MODE October 1st The Lamplighter

Starting off tonight's noisy proceedings are the sole Canadian representatives on the bill, Ken Mode. They belt out a ferocious blend of hardcore and thrash with a slight progressive slant. They're good, but onstage the intensity of their music doesn't quite come across properly. One problem that detracts from their set is that for a large portion of the gig, the singer has to struggle with a broken mic stand. He eventually resorts to holding the mic in his mouth with his teeth!

The promoters of tonight's gig should have posted a sign on the door of The Lamplighter with a warning. It should have read "Anyone of a nervous disposition or of a fragile emotional state should proceed with extreme caution. Daughters are playing." This band don't do songs in the traditional sense of the word. Each track is more like an individual experiment in aural torture. They don't do much 'play' their instruments as inflict random

acts of violence on them. Despite very brief moments of ethereal beauty, the sheer chaos that they create is genuinely disturbing.

After the unsettling maelstrom of Daughters, Pelican were comforting and serene in comparison. Frustratingly, for the first few tracks the full force of their music was weakened by sketchy sound mixing. This was eventually rectified, thus allowing the guitars to reach their true monolithic magnificence. The majority of their set was comprised of new material, much of which saw the band pursuing a faster and heavier direction. If the new songs aired tonight were anything to go by, the new album should be a blinder. Due to the full-on visceral impact of Daughters, the far more subtle, thoughtful approach of Pelican was somewhat overshadowed. However, they still managed to provide a solid performance that just fell short of the mesmerizing potential of such monumental music.

Will Pedley

RATTLESHAKE FESTIVAL HERALD NIX DAVID P SMITH



DELUXE LIMITED EDITION 56 Songs, 30 New Recordings, 94 Page Book.

orphans | TOM WAITS

Brawlers, Bawlers & Bastards

Over three hours of rare and never-before-heard music from the one and only TOM WAITS. In the three disc set, *Orphans, Brawlers, Bawlers, and Bastards*, each disc is its own world and captures Waits in his full spectrum, from country ballads to strange tales and full-throated juke joint stamp.

Available November 21st **ANTI**

KNOTTY PINES October 6th The Railway Club

Not knowing anything about rockabilly, I arrived at the Rattleshake Festival well before nine and settled in. There were a couple of guys performing a sound check, so I proceeded to find out what exactly this festival was all about. As it turns out, Vancouver has an excited and loyal fanbase for a kind of indie rock reminiscent of Woodie Guthrie, Muddy Waters and Hank Williams. Now that I could relate to. The style was a cross-section of punk, country, old-time and blues all mixed together. It reminded me of the soundtrack to *O Brother Where Art Thou*, but modernized, with exquisite lyrics from all three bands delivered with a rock edge.

David P. Smith was the opening act. They warmed the stage with an accordion, picking up the low end as eager music-goers milled into the venue. I particularly loved Smith's clever writing:

dark, wry and humorous with catchy melodies. "Stumbling, Mumbling, Jumbling Cowboys" had everyone singing along. By the time Knotty Pines took the stage, the Railway Club was at full capacity. The Pines started off with a jazzy instrumental. Sweet and sentimental, they hooked the audience into a rare Vancouver sight: people actually dancing. "Fookie Honey, It's for Real", a crowd favorite, was dedicated to the trucker dad of lead singer Linda McRae, whose passionate, edgy and powerful voice held us in vice grips until she was ready to let us go.

When Herald Nix finally sauntered onstage at half past midnight, the room's energy had begun to fade. Dancers were all pooped out, but the die-hards stuck around. Apparently, Nix has been on the Vancouver scene for 10 years and was, despite the tuckered state of the audience, the biggest crowd-pleaser of the night. It was lovely. By the time the night was over, I'd made a few new friends, been fed nuts by a good-looking one whose name I never discovered, and found out that the nice couple sitting

at a neighbouring table were also my neighbours in reality. The whole night was inspiring enough to send me back to myspace.com/northernelectric looking for more. I've been converted to the 'twang' side... and that's not bad for a middle-aged black woman.

Julie Okot Bitek

**BAD RELIGION
DROPKICK MURPHYS
COMEBACK KID
CLIT 45
September 30
PNE Forum**

I still have not been able to come up with a solid purpose for this show. None of these bands have released a new album within the past few months, so why all the hubbub? Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining, because I find it very hard to say no to a sweet punk rock lineup such as this. I'm just minutely confused, that is all.

CLIT 45 was the first band to play the large, warehouse-like venue. Unfortunately, the acoustics of the room were practically nonexistent, therefore making some parts of the show sound like a crazy sonic jambalaya. These BYO Records punksters set the stage with their exuberant stage energy, and followed back the crusty punks and mall punks alike.

Comback Kid followed with a punishing set of hardcore anthems. The band was running on pure adrenaline as they tore through their set while still managing to hardcore dance and come dangerously close to kicking my head in, all at once! It was definitely worth seeing these guys with a new vocal since the last time that they were in Vancouver. Same songs, totally different band dynamic.

I've seen the Dropkick Murphys way too many times, so their set was nothing new to me. They were still as entertaining as before, with the bagpipe solos and the foot stompin'-beer-binging-til-you're-shiffted anthems.

Bad Religion were the last band to take the stage, and succeeded in impressing me. I was fully expecting the majority of their set to be comprised of songs from their latest two albums, perhaps throwing in a few oldies just to tease. But the stars must have been perfectly aligned that night, for both the band and the crowd were going nuts for the older material. True to form, Bad Religion were imbued with the spirit of punk rock, while still managing to be almost overly informative and intellectual. They have a b-side called "Markovian Process" that I quite like, so I once looked up its meaning on Wikipedia, and didn't understand a fucking word it said. And that is how smart Bad Religion is.

Overall, the rock was brought.

Martelle Kho

**CALIFONE
BATTLES
October 14th
The Media Club**

It is hard to give some kind of existential account of one's membership in an audience, but the phenomenological facts are as follows: there was music played, it sounded good, there were a few notable characters watching said music, the music ended, we walked half-way home in the rain, caught a bus, and scene.

Let's start with the most predominant features of the night. The scene was filled with the constructed towers of delayed drum sounds, guitar sounds, mouth/vocal sounds, and sample sounds. Califone presented these very factual aspects along with visions of my past that could be best described as a dash o' super 8 blended with a pinch of tear-water tea.

Centre stage, the smaller-than-expected Tim Rutli (whom I imagined to be bearded and big for some reason), the tall and lanky Joe Adamik and the regular-sized Jim Becker. To the right, a young man wearing suspenders (sporting what could only be described as 'train-conductor-style'), to the left, a young man with a very large red book, in the middle: me (me, trying to stand tall under the weight of my memories; me, awash in the music).

The beer was laden with a heaviness accented by the emotional ties to Califone's music (read: I became a nostalgic drunk relatively quickly). Yes, the night was warmed by the music, drink and company, but I left feeling somewhat empty. It is only now that I realize what was missing. Califone didn't play "Electric Fence," one of the best songs of all time (read: complete lack of objective journalism). Please, go and listen to Califone, and years from now, you too will be awash in nostalgia when you hear them meander their sound and vision through your ears.

Stefan Morales

**SUFJAN STEVENS
MY BRIGHTEST DIAMOND
October 14th
St. Andrew's-Wesley Church**

Shortly after I took my seat in St. Andrew's Wesley Church, SuFjan's band, looking like they were on their way to a masquerade ball, swept in and took the stage. They were all clad in hospital-green track pants, beige button-up uniform blouses with red trim and black buttons, technicolor butterfly wings, and feathered masks of all shapes and designs.

As they took their places, instruments in hand, a strange sound like that of a UFO landing played in the background. The band began to play an orchestrated intro piece, with female vocals blissfully harmonizing with the violins.

Suddenly the band stopped, and it was just Stevens and his piano. His voice carried a strain of beauty that I've never experienced before, and each note graciously welcomed the next. As Stevens emerged from behind the piano, his wings spread and spanned twice as far as his fellow musicians. His scruffy brown hair and dark features give him a strange allure.

A few songs in, Stevens told us a story about how his parents used to be really influential with *National Geographic*, and would wake him up in the middle of the night to tell him and his siblings about these great ideas they had that involved them starting a farm and being home-schooled. Later he spun another tale about a summer he spent at camp with a boy named Franco, and a "Predatory Wasp" that hunted him ruthlessly. The laughter unified us all, making the woman two aisles down feel like an old friend.

Sometime during the set they all removed their masks, but I was so intoxicated by the music reverberating off the vaulted ceiling that I didn't even notice. It only became apparent to me when I saw one of the violinist's foreheads gleaming like the

finish on his instrument. They were all working up quite a sweat keeping the music playing.

The newly unveiled song "Majesty Snowbird," like many of the other songs played that night, featured a booming orchestra, quiet melodic vocals and harmonies, and a definite magical quality. Even though many of his songs are similarly composed, the intricate details in the lyrics and instrumental flourishes set them apart from each other. Each one accompanies the one before it, and is the perfect prelude to the next.

Over the course of the evening, Stevens made us laugh with stories from the past, bob our heads, and feel that we were witness to something truly amazing. Walking into Saint Andrew's not knowing much about him, I was completely won over. The audience rose and the church filled with cheering, clapping, and the rumbling of hundreds of hands banging on the pews. Nobody wanted to say goodbye.

Sarah Fischer

**MELISSA FERRICK
THE NO NO SPOTS
October 12th
The Red Room**

There's no doubt that recent Boston Music Award winner Melissa Ferrick has a legion of devoted fans in Vancouver. Whether from Main Street, the Drive, the Davie Village, or scattered around the rest of the Lower Mainland, the queer ladies (and their friends and lovers) who come in droves to experience her music never leave disappointed.

Except, perhaps, by the opening band. In this case, Vancouver's The No No Spots were out of their element, and it showed. Not only was the crowd disinterested in their (particularly forced of fit) hipster-esque electro-pop but the band itself hardly seemed willing to make an effort. The first words out of frontwoman Adrienne's mouth were grumblings about the choice of Ferrick's fans to remain casually seated instead of rushing eagerly to the stage, saying "it sucks." Later in the unimpressive set, amidst the placating applause, she paused to remark that the lack of people dancing in the middle of the room was "what's fucking wrong with this city." Perhaps what is actually wrong is that bands like The No No Spots don't appreciate the opportunity to play to a new crowd in a full venue, and insult them instead of working for their affection. Because let me tell you, there was a lot of affection floating around that room waiting for the headline to appear.

In spite of the mood set by The No No Spots, Melissa Ferrick charmed and amazed old and new devotees alike. On the road to promote her new album *In The Eyes Of Strangers*, Ferrick has added a backing drummer and keyboardist to the mix with resounding success. Darren Hahn and Val Opsleki added power and depth to an already electric performance, and yet were never the main focus: all eyes were unvaryingly on the alluring tomboy at the mic. Ferrick commanded the room with passionate vocals and intense guitar manipulation. Her confidence on stage has increased dramatically since last visiting Vancouver, and her anecdotes about song origins, love, giving a burista a six dollar tip in toonies ("we [Americans] think it's just change"), or telling border guards that she was coming to Canada to set her body, rounded out the performance into something entertaining and memorable.

The songs from *In The Eyes Of Strangers* carried on in the same vein as 2004's *The Other Side*. Although the opening number, "Inside," contained such clumsy metaphors as "I can't wait to take a drink from the waterfalls of my memories", the performer stunned the crowd time and time again with the speed and force of her playing. Not one for predictability, Ferrick also played a couple of covers including, "Give it Away" by the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, stating "That's my Irish funk." She also described one of her new tracks as "tending a bit towards the **Morrisssey**", and precluded it with a couple of teasing lines from songs by **The Smiths**.

The encore took the room to a new place with *Drive*, a song that has become a queer women's anthem of erotica, with a masterful wall-acoustic extended intro. With lyrics that provoked the statement that "anywhere where there are kids with face paint on, I'm not going to play *Drive*!" Melissa Ferrick proved that there is nothing stereotypical about her or her version of folk music.

Patty Cema

**THUNDERBIRDS ARE NOW!
YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!
October 7th
Richard's On Richards**

Expectations were running high. It was Friday night, and there was some dancing to be done. Michigan's Thunderbirds Are Now! were sharing the bill with Vancouver natives You Say Party! We Say Die! and between the two bands, there were already three exclamation points. Obviously, some serious good times were in order.

Thunderbirds Are Now! were already playing by the time I showed up. I got a little worried, thought maybe this early show thing at Richard's was being taken a little too far, but as it turns out, I walked in during their first song. The band was already rocking right out, and the crowd was keeping right up. These boys' pants were so tight that you could tell what kind of underwear they were sporting—boxer-briefs, mostly—and we all know pants that tight promise some serious good times. Scott Allen was rocking two sets of keys like the ninja he is, and the boys were all taking proper advantage of their surroundings, dancing on PAS, riling up the crowd, and generally having a good time. The general fun-time-party-feeling only intensified as Allen disappeared into the back room, only to reemerge wearing a gas mask and sheriff's hat. He proceeded to pull out his imaginary gun (presumably of the laser variety) and shoot up the place, climbing up from the stage to the balcony level, making sure that everybody was a part of excitement. He even ran into the men's room instead of going straight for the stairwell—it was awesome.

I don't even know what to say, except that if you haven't seen You Say Party! We Say Die! yet, then you probably should. These kids will be there having a good time, and you won't even be able to help yourself: you'll be right there with them dancing your little heart out. You might be a bit bummed that at their next show, Thunderbirds Are Now! won't jump up on stage with them and join in for a few songs, but rest assured, somebody else probably will.

Dana Silk

-HOT GOSSIP-

So all three of the Bonnie 'Prince' Billy shows are sold out. The Commodore is a bit pricey for you to take in The Decemberists, and you think The Rapture are "so 2003". At this point, you're thinking November will be a good month to take up knitting while you work on those term papers. Well, guess what—you thought wrong. If there's one show you need to see this month, it's D'uchess Says with Les Groggs Leningrad at The Media Club on November 13th. The venue will be intimate, the windows will be steamy, and the crowd will be in 24 hour dance-party mode. So go experience this Montreal noise/electroclash duo and compare your notes with our coverage in next month's issue. —Dan, RLA Editor

UNDER REVIEW

**BECK, THE SUBHUMANS, DAMIAN JURADO, SLOAN
OX, ROGER DEAN YOUNG, NIKKI SUDDEN, ROBIN HITCHCOCK
BOB SEGER, BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY, THE AWKWARD STAGE, KASABIAN
CLAY GEORGE, OHBIJOU, TANYA PEA, THE NEVER**

Beck The Information (Interscope)

For over a decade, Beck had his fingers firmly on the pulse of capitalism and culture, drawing out its very worst and delighting in its dysfunction and excess. While individual songs were nonsensical, his albums as a whole explored uncomfortably recognizable moods or themes. Disjointed and unintelligible even by Beck's standards, *Guero* proved the exception to this rule. The theme of *Guero* was not found in the music but instead in its marketing gimmicks, with 8-bit Gameboy remixes and exclusive iTunes-only downloads.

When earlier discussion of *The Information* revolved around its unique packaging—design your own cover sticker play set and a DVD with low-budget videos for each track many feared a repeat performance. However, *The Information* is arguably the most interesting and personal exploration of Beck's feelings toward popular culture to date.

The Information is what happens when Beck is trapped in a 2006 that is stranger and more threatening than any future he could have imagined. Produced by Nigel Godrich of *Radiohead* fame, polished electronics form a pulsating backing for the dystopic gloom and weirdness the album offers. This is not the playful genre-X snark of *Odelay* or *Midnite Vibes*. Beck shows us the possibilities of networks, biotech, and robotics colliding with the dangers of universal surveillance, a shrinking middle class, theocracy, and perpetual war.

While not his greatest or most innovative album musically, *The Information* is thoroughly enjoyable and much better than its predecessor. His musical ability reassured, this latest album does something none of his others have: It takes a position. Beck is no longer content to sit back and cackle gleefully at the wrongs of our culture.

Greg McCullen

The Subhumans New Dark Age Parade (G7 Welcoming Committee)

The Subhumans are still telling it like it is. In the 10 years since they last put out a record, punk music has taken a turn for the worse. It's crap, really—mostly a bunch of whiney songs about ex-girlfriends, and giant

tours sponsored by skate-shoe companies, with the occasional "Oh I'll" thrown in for authenticity. Especially with the recent closing of CBGB's in New York, an even darker age has fallen on hardcore. Thank God the Subhumans remember punk the way it was intended. Original band members, ex-con Gerry Hannah on bass, Mike Graham on guitar, and Brian "Wimpy Roy" on vocals, plus D.O.A./SNFU alumnus Jon Card on drums, are back on a *New Dark Age Parade*, facing up to Vancouver's rampant poverty, brainwashing celebrity culture, and a world at war. Considering they've had more than 25 years to evolve as songwriters, the band might even be better at it now than when they started.

In the volatile political climate we live in, where music is an essential voice of the people, The Subhumans are one of the few bands still shouting. A must-have for anyone who remembers the early days, and for all those who want to hear legends still at work.

Merch Girl

Damian Jurado And Now That I'm In Your Shadow (Secretly Canadian)

Unfortunately, Damian Jurado has always been lost amongst the shadows of more reputable songwriters. Even though critics have greeted each of his records with praise, he has never managed to stretch beyond a small cult following. But this never stops Jurado from releasing consistently solid records. With *And Now That I'm In Your Shadow*, he has crafted another worthy release in his characteristic macabre style. With each successive album, themes of domestic family and domestic strife become more and more dominant in Jurado's writing, and his new record is no exception. The majority of the songs on *And Now That I'm In Your Shadow* involve someone who is dead, dying or breaking, like "I Had No Intentions" and "Shannon Rhodes." These songs find Jurado painting grim portraits of bullet wounds and fatality that you only pray are fictional. But unlike his last few releases, this record is much more united in theme as well as sound. Here's kept the record somber throughout, and relies almost solely on his voice and guitar to carry it. When some drums, pianos or female vocals do come in, he uses them sparingly and only to add a little color. *And Now That...* shows a more focused and

mature Jurado, and proves he is only getting better with age.
Rock Thessien

Sloan Never Hear the End of It (Sony/BMG)

"What do Tim Horton's and Sloan have in common?" an editor asked, when I had inquired about Sloan's popularity in Canada. The answer: "No one gives a shit about either of them in the US." Coming from the States, I can say that this is fairly true. After all, how many Americans can sing along with "One thing I know about the rest of my life/I know that I'll be living it in Canada"? Prior to the review, I was only vaguely familiar with Sloan's music, so I went head-first into *Never Hear the End of It* with unbiased ears.

At 30 tracks long, *Never Hear the End of It* is a lot to digest at once especially for a new Sloan listener. It flows seamlessly, akin to Side B of *Abbey Road*, and features a relatively fair balance of all four songwriters in the group. Apart from the occasional ballad here and there, the album is straight-forward rock: chock full of handclaps and big backbeat grooves.

Upon the first few listens, Chris Murphy's tracks stand out the most. Murphy's "Someone I Can Be True With" is a humorous depiction of his ideal woman, beaming that she'd be "Someone to watch *Gremlins 2* with/And someone to not watch 'The View' with." And perhaps the most memorable lyrics on the album are from Murphy's "Set in Motion," a catchy, tongue-in-cheek rocker about an eager director planning a movie based on his life. However, the true gems on this album are Patrick Pentland's "I Understand" and "Ill Placed Trust." The former is an epic pop number with soaring harmonies, bells and horns, while the paranoid, "Ill Placed Trust" is not only the heaviest rocker on the album, but dangerously infectious. Anyone, anywhere, would have to be deaf to not have "Ill Placed Trust" and its annihilating dual guitar and bass solo stuck in their heads for days.

Although it might seem that *Never Hear the End of It* would be a bit much for newcomers to Sloan, it perfectly showcases the extent of their talents for breezy pop perfection. Recognised in the US or not, *Never Hear the End of It* is one of the best pop-rock re-

leases of 2006.
Robin Hawkins

Ox American Lo Fi (Killbeat Music)

Imagine my surprise when, after repeatedly listening to this southern twangy-folk of a country album, I look in the leaflet and discover Ox to be from Vancouver — I never knew! Taking in the simple, intriguing stories told by singer Mark Browning's drawl against the quiet backdrop of acoustic and slide guitars. I was left with grandiose visions of a beat-up pick-up truck rolling down some desolate Interstate. But alas, the ballads to El Caminos, Miss Idaho and some lucky lassy named Sugar Cane are locally produced tributes to the sounds of another region. The Vancouver/Kansas confusion notwithstanding, the album's sound remains genuine, and amidst the so-called genre of "alt-country," Ox manages to retain an inexplicable uniqueness. Altogether, it's an endearing collection of songs to take your mind for a meandering road trip. And sorry, you just missed their Vancouver show (October 10, The Media Club).

Myles Etey

Roger Dean Young & The Tin Cup Cans (Copperspire Records)

Roger Dean Young sounds a lot older than he looks. At least, he sounds a lot older than he looks on his label's website. He could very well be as weathered and weary as his voice, and I'm a touch embarrassed that I really couldn't tell you if the guy's actually as youthful as his press photos lead one to believe. Roger hails from Vancouver, and as someone who erroneously likes to think he's on top of most things musical in our wonderful burg, I feel like I should recognize someone who's making records that are this good.

Casa features a small army of musicians who get together to back Young on the album's twelve tracks. Falling mostly within the realm of very classic-sounding folk, the record also stretches its legs to incorporate elements of jazz, as well as some southwestern flavours. The latter types of numbers, like "Little Wind," are vaguely reminiscent of Calexico at their laid-back best. For the most part, however, Casa finds

Young and the rotating cast who make up the Tin Cup sticking to old-time Appalachian tunes that would sound at home sharing a double with the Carter Family. The instrumentation is lush but never overbearing, intricate without ever sounding busy, and always leaves space for Young's raspy croon to take centre stage. And it's Roger's voice that might make this record.

The obvious reference point would be Dylan. To top it off, Young has a habit of half-mumbling his way through his lines, obscuring most of the lyrics. That might not sound like the greatest thing in the world, but anything he loses as a pure vocalist, he makes up for with the mood his creaking timbre evokes. And, particularly when it's paired with one of the album's many female guests, his gravel-throated delivery sets the perfect mood for whiskey-soaked nights or hungover days. If you're like me, you live plenty of both.

Quinn Omori

Nikki Sudden The Truth Doesn't Matter (Secretly Canadian)

In 2006, Nikki Sudden's life ended suddenly at age 49, while on tour in New York. But before his passing, Sudden lived a productive life, recording numerous albums from the early 70s onward. Of his prolific work, he's probably best known for his post-punk outfit, *Swell Maps*, whose noise experiments and left-of-centre punk inspired legions of followers like *Sonic Youth* and *Pavement*. However, Sudden left the more abrasive sounds of the Maps long ago, and eventually went on to record albums more akin to the Faces or the *Rolling Stones* than punk rock. His final album, *The Truth Doesn't Matter*, continues in this direction. Sudden recorded *The Truth* near the end of 2005 in Berlin, and it reads like a map of all the different styles of music that influenced his life and career. He shows his adoration for *Phil Spector* on the doo-wop number, "The Ballad of Johnny and Marianne." He gives a nod to the disco era on "Seven Miles." And he worships the Stones on "Empire Blues." But the album hits its peak with "Green Shield Stamps," where Sudden hints at a life well-lived through the tale of his and his late brother's upbringing in 60s England and their love of rock 'n' roll. While

these songs might be from an older time and place, fans of Sudden's work will be pleased he managed to get out one last good one before he left.

Rock Thessien

Robyn Hitchcock & The Venus 3 Taratula (Yep Roc)

British singer/songwriter Robyn Hitchcock, known for his surreal, often mystical narratives, has recently teamed himself with the Venus 3. Made up of Scott McCaughey, Peter Buck, and Bill Reiffin, the Venus trio is known to some as my current favorite band, Seattle's *The Minus 5*, or to most as half the current lineup of REM. Not surprisingly, Buck's trademark arpeggio plucking, and the M5's signature garage jungle permeate the songs of Hitchcock's most rocking album in a good ten years or so. But really, it's all a façade. These are tales of sadness, sexual frustration, and impending death, including "NY Doll," which was written as an elegy for late New York Dolls bassist Arthur Kane, and "Underground Sun", a more energized than mournful tune, written for a recently passed friend. My favourite on this record so far remains "A Man's Gotta Know His Limitations" Briggs", inspired by a misheard quote from the 1973 Clint Eastwood movie *Magnum Force*, moments before Lt. Neil Briggs steps into a vehicle which promptly explodes. In addition to the Venus 3, the former Soft *Boy* hired a gaggle of rock royalty to make cameo appearances, including Ian McLagan of the legendary *Small Faces/Faces*, who plays keyboards on "New York Doll", and Sean Nelson of *Harvey Danger*, who adds harmony vocals to most of the album. Robyn Hitchcock & The Venus 3, and a whole slew of local music identities will perform at the Crocodile Cafe in Seattle on November 25, with The Minus 5 taking the opening slot. If anything like his show there last March, it will prove a memorable night, and more than worth the pain in the ass border delays.

Merch Girl

Bob Seger
Face the Promise
(Capitol)

Do you know who Bob Seger is? Do you know the song "Old Time Rock & Roll"? Ah, I see you nodding your head. Basically Face

the Promise is "Old Time Rock & Roll" times three, divided by fresh songwriting. Song after song, the production is pompous and brassy, but not in a good way like **Queen**. He loves motorcycles, leather, and tight jeans, and he makes sure you know it. From the album cover to the lyrics, he splashes images of riding a bike and wearing leather in more than enough places, such as "The Answer's in the Question."

"Face the Promise" and "No Matter Who You Are" are excellent examples where female backup vocals are best left absent. Lyrically he often tries to appear philosophical, and fails. "Wreck This Heart" is another show of pomp and style, although it at least maintains a good melody in the chorus. And I enjoyed the horns and guitar riff on "Simplicity." Ditto with the strings on "No More." The best song is the honky-tonk "Real Mean Bottle," a duet with **Kid Rock** (whose vocal outlines his host's — not that I think Kid Rock is any different from Seger).

The album, then, would make a very fitting representative of the life of an outback hero, or a soundtrack to the Wild West (substituting horses for bikes). It reminds me of what would happen if hair metal met John Wayne. The album as a whole is not too awful (we're not talking **Motley-Crue**-bad), but variety and better songwriting would help. It's understandably difficult to pull off the biker/leather schtick when you're over 60.

Jonh Ho Park

Bonnie "Prince" Billy The Letting Go (Drug City)

Will Oldham seems to have settled upon the Bonnie "Prince" Billy moniker, but *The Letting Go* is further proof that he has definitely not settled upon a single approach to making music. The records Oldham released in the 90s under the name **Palace** generally rocked, and the records he has been releasing this century under the name Bonnie "Prince" Billy have generally been very quiet. *The Letting Go* never quite fits into either of these extremes, but hints at both. It's confident without being loud.

Instead of simply turning up his amp to make his songs bolder, Oldham creates layered arrangements that bring his poignant melodies into clear view. The gorgeous lead guitar in "Strange Form of Life" and the dramatic strings in "The Seedling" are just a couple examples. String arrangements are found on roughly half the tracks, and are highly effective.

As in all things Oldham, the vocals are always at the forefront of *The Letting Go*, even when he whispers. He is deliberate in both the words he chooses and the way he delivers them. The title track's poetry is especially impressive, as is the strong declaration of "Love Comes to Me."

Although I can't help but

single out individual tracks, *The Letting Go*'s greatest strength is quite possibly its consistency. After over a decade of recording (with everyone from **Steve Albini** to **Tortoise**), Will Oldham is still making records in which every song is worthwhile, without repeating himself.

Bonnie "Prince" Billy will be showcasing his abilities over three shows at St. James hall on November 9, 10, and 11.

Dave Fernig

The Awkward Stage Heaven Is For Easy Girls (Mint)

This album surprised me. Listening for the first time, it felt like that girl who snuck up and asked me out to prom, when I'd been all focused on that other more popular girl all school year. It was that sort of pleasant surprise that you aren't really looking for but wouldn't turn down. The hormone-driven verses of male puberty travelling to an awkward early adulthood are perfectly encapsulated in the Awkward Stage's debut album in a way that is at once shocking and incredibly cute. Their sound is not exactly unique, but they do it well. Coming across as a young, confused male version of the **Stars** (because if I personified the Stars it would be female — sorry to all those guys who are in the Stars), the Awkward Stage plays the soft beautiful melodies that remind me of 2003's *Heart*, and signs of relationships with a voice of cynicism and longing. Another thing that makes this album come out of the left field is the mere fact that there is so much talent here that there has been essentially off the radar of Vancouver's music scene.

Shane Nelken, the band leader, has played with numerous local acts without seeming to have any creative input. Stepping out on his own to craft an album produced by **New Pornographers**' drummer, Kurt Dahle, he has coined a sound that, while not totally original, has few similarities in the Vancouver scene. Not only is this album fresh, it is full of beautifully crafted pop melodies and thoughtful lyrics. *Heaven Is For Easy Girls* is recommended listening for people who had awkward puberties, and those who think people who had awkward puberties are cute.

Jordie Sparkle

Kasabian Empire (RCA Records)

Empire is a thoroughly solid album. The dissonant, melancholic melodies so typical of British rock run throughout the record, but this does not render it the demoralizing, self-loathing sound known to characterize so small portion of music from Great Britain. Instead, catchy, fun beats and vocals bring the album towards that bizarre mix of introspective, depressing tunes that you can conceive of dancing

to feat that can only occur in a country chalk full of seasonally depressed people who treat pills like they're Tic-Tacs. And on the topic of drug use, though I hate making comparisons to other bands, there are no fewer than 3 songs where you could swear to baby Jesus that some reincarnation of now-deceit **Happy Mondays** is the cause of the noise bumping out of the speakers. But it's not Kasabian, and their third album is well worth the purchase.

Myles Estey

Beach House s/t (Carpark)

Beach House might be the most appropriately-named band I've ever heard. As soon as you've heard those two words, you know what the music sounds like (though a glance at photos of Alex Scally's tousled, saltwater-washed hair and Victoria Legrand's flowing, aqua-coloured gown won't steer you in the wrong direction, either).

This Baltimore duo spins radiantly aching dream-pop out of cracked vintage organs and slide guitar, conjuring the bitter-sweet autumnal mood of a sea-coast abandoned after summer vacation. Their quiet little beat sampler hums away throughout the album like a tugboat engine, thrumming with submerged reverberation like the lap of waves against a pier. Their mayspace page wants you to know that, "Beats are either hand-made from found sounds, xylophones, clanking bells, etc or taken from the heart of the organ when played live. There are no drum machines in Beach House."

While their blissed-out, coastal fog-sound redefines every possible usage of words like "woozy" and "hazy", Beach House are considerably more than just mood machines. Legrand's throaty voice recalls all the leading ladies of night song (Hope Sandoval, Nico, Billie Holiday), and coupled with her alternately growling and sparkling keyboards, she weaves melodies that will shortly become essential to your waking and sleeping. This album is worth all your sand dollars and it's already endorsed by the major organs, so you don't just have to take my word for it. If you miss their show at Pat's Pub on November 11th, you will be a very sad starfish indeed.

Saelan Tweddy

Ohbijou Swift Feet for Troubling Times (ohbijou.com)

Ohbijou first romanced me two summers ago in a small place outside of Guelph whose name I now forget. We had all found ourselves in rural Ontario for Track and Field, a three-day music festival hosted by Brantford-cum-Toronto's Social Arts Club, and the six-piece ensemble had rung in twilight on the porch of a cabin for a crowd equally mesmerized

by their sentimental, symphonic strains. That summer, all that could be had of Ohbijou was a home-recorded three-song EP in a hand-glued paper sleeve.

In the background at I type this review, Grant Lawrence tells CBC Radio One's *Sounds Like Canada* host Shelagh Rogers about how he first met Ohbijou when the Mecja sisters slipped him a copy of their self-titled EP. Since then, Lawrence has also promoted the "grace and orchestration" of Ohbijou as fervently as I've circulated my copy of their demo amongst friends and acquaintances.

Maybe you caught *Sounds Like Canada*, or have already heard the unforgettable "St. Francis" on the CBC Radio 3 Podcast. Either way, I urge you to log on to ohbijou.com and trade PayPal \$15 for a mail order copy of *Swift Feet for Troubling Times*. I fear otherwise that it may be some time before Ohbijou pack up the loveliest ballads in all of Canada and make the laborious trek across this sprawling nation. Until they get here, strings in arm, the simple honesty of an album like *Swift Feet for Troubling Times*, from "Wildlands and Curves" through "Tumbleweeds," might not be enough to get us through the customary months of grey winter along the coast. I would bet my own copy on the sway of Ohbijou to move all listeners, east and west, from start to finish, had I not already lent it to a friend.

Mono Brown

Tanya Pea Handcut Ice Cubes 12" EP (Primes Music)

Ever since moving into my new ground-level apartment, there hasn't been a single day

where I haven't been rudely awakened by the 7 am conversations of construction workers, the sounds and smells of tar machines, dump trucks, jackhammers, metal detectors, nail guns, and JRM blaring from a tiny radio speaker positioned just outside my bedroom window.

Placing Tanya Pea's new 12" vinyl EP on my turntable and dropping the needle was suddenly an escape from all of that. Her ambient electronic soundscapes released me from the meat hooks of the chaos found outside my window. Particularly, the Philip Western (collaborator with **Skinny Puppy** and **Download**) b-side remix acted as a kind of noise cancellation device towards the clanging of the construction site. Whatever abrasive noise they made, Pea and Western's collaboration made the opposite.

But the question dawned on me from b critic's standpoint, is it disrespectful to say that one prefers the remixes to the artist's actual material? Both sides are well-crafted but, after repeated listens, I found myself consistently drawn to Side B of the record.

Perhaps it's because I'm not learned in the ways of electronic and ambient music, and Side B provides a dancier, more accessible sonic platter to the ear of the layman. But Tanya Pea put those remixes on her EP for a reason, so she must be just as proud of those tracks as she is of anything else on the album. I am absolved of guilt.

Having worked alongside some of the biggest names in the biz (**Orbital**, **The Orb**, and **Autorech** to name a few), and sitting on a completed full length album acting as 50% of the in-

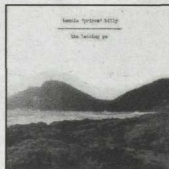
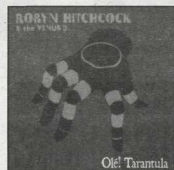
dustrial dance duo **Primes**, Tanya Pea is definitely a Vancouver name to familiarize yourself with.

Danny McCash

The Never Antarctica (Trekky)

What is it with the recent faux concept album craze? First, **Green Day** made a vague social critique in a punk-opera, and sooner than you know it, even **Veas** pretty boys **The Killers** are trying to pass off their latest as a concept album merely because it is somewhat cohesive. Oh, *Tommy*, where art thou? Well, finally the nerds have had their go at a concept album, and not only do they nail the mark, they've practically reinvented the idea. With *Antarctica*, North Carolina indie-popsters, **The Never**, didn't merely craft an album packed with musical, lyrical and thematic genius and creativity. They geeked the system: the entire album revolves around a beautifully illustrated storybook. Using the changing seasons as the template, the album sketches an epic coming-of-age story of environmental communion, unrequited love, and the susceptibility of innocence. What's even more impressive? **The Never** pull off this massive feat without coming off the least bit pretentious. Sounding like a cross between **Death Cab for Cutie** and **Sufjan Stevens**, **The Never** display a wide variety of styles on *Antarctica*: ranging from the menacing organ brigade on "March of the Minions" to the pop grandeur of "Summer Girl Old Man Winter." This is one of the most refreshing albums in quite some time. Even if the music on *Antarctica* isn't quite your cup o' tea, one has to admire the grand ambition and poise displayed here.

Robin Hawkins



CHET

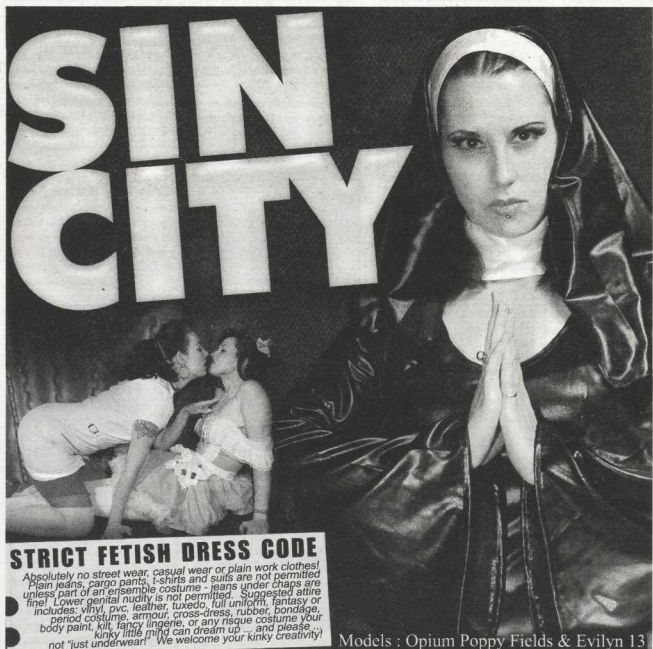
AWAY. BIRD

If the thought of sitting through another set of generic radio rock repulses you, consider: quality college music. Again, a new level of consciousness: quality college music. Think of it as a natural evolution in the campus experience.

Care to think some more? Sweatshop Union, The Clips, Islands, Besnard Lakes, Subtitle; Chet, Away, Ri'ol; Meligrove Band, The Golden Dogs, The Junction; Tokyo Police Club and Shukov—they all

Islands, Meligrove Band and Tokyo Police Club playing a college? These groups, critically analysed and critically approved, are

AMS Events is giving away tickets through Disorder to see Meligrove Band and Tokyo Police Club. Just look for the ad in this issue to find out how. Want to be Islands bound? Tune into CiTR 101.9 FM for details, as well as for more tickets to Meligrove and TPC. **\$**



Models : Opium Poppy Fields & Evilyn 13

A collage of various logos and brand names. At the top left is the 'Kiss' logo. To its right is 'PUNKROCK TATTOO'. Below 'Kiss' is 'NEW WORLD DESIGNS' with a small graphic of a person. To the right of 'NEW WORLD DESIGNS' is 'BIO' inside an oval. Below 'NEW WORLD DESIGNS' is 'Deadly Couture' with a skull graphic. To the right of 'Deadly Couture' is 'WICKS'. Below 'Deadly Couture' is 'PRIAPE' with horizontal lines on either side. To the left of 'PRIAPE' is a small logo with a skull and the word 'WICKS'. Below 'PRIAPE' is 'STORM' with a lightning bolt graphic. To the right of 'STORM' is 'VM' with 'VOLUME' below it. At the bottom left is a logo with a face and the word 'D.M.'. At the bottom right is 'BLACK DOG VIDEO'.

plus your host
MR. DARK

CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of October

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous week. Rock kids with stars (+) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at the independent music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Mizak a call at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great radio, community charts check out www.ears-on-line.com.

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	Various*	CBC Radio 3 Sessions	Mint
2	Yo La Tengo	I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass	Matador
3	The Awkward Stage*	Heaven Is For Easy Girls	Mint
4	The Deadcats*	Feline 500	Flying Saucer
5	Tim Hecker*	Harmony In Ultraviolet	Kranky
6	The Winks*	Birthday Party	Ache
7	B.A. Johnston*	Call Me When Old And Fat Is The New Young And Sexy	Just Friends
8	Yoko Casones*	These Are The New Old Times	Boomba
9	Sandro Perri*	Plays Polmo Polpo	Constellation
10	The Black Keys	Magic Potion	Nonesuch
11	Robert Pollard	Normal Happiness	Merge
12	OOIOO	Taiga	Thrill Jockey
13	Dead Moon	Echoes Of The Past	Sub Pop
14	Fake Cops*	Thundercheft	Reluctant
15	Buffalo Killers	Buffalo Killers	Alive
16	Four Tet	Remixes	Domino
17	Nina Nastasia	On Leaving	Fat Cat
18	R.E.M.	And I Feel Fine: The Best Of The I.R.S. Years 1982-1987	Capitol
19	Squarepusher	Hello Everything	Warp
20	No Luck Club*	Prosperity	Independent
21	Tara Jane O'neil	Step Outside Yourself	Quarterstick
22	Phudge Packers*	God Hates Fags	Brown Note
23	Los Straitjackets	Twist Party	Yep Roc
24	Scissor Sisters	To-dah	Universal
25	Wolf Eyes	Human Animal	Sub Pop

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
26	Les Georges Leningrad*	Sungur Puro	Dare To Care
27	Akron/Family	Meek Warrior	Young God
28	Bonnie Prince Billy	The Letting Go	Drag City
29	Crime In Choir	Trumpet Metier	GSL
30	Beck	The Information	Interscope
31	Various	DFA Remixes Volume 2	DFA
32	DSD*	Norsk Drag	Independent
33	Thunderbirds Are Now!	Make History	Frenchkiss
34	Comets On Fire	Avatar	Sub Pop
35	Trivium	The Crusade	Roadrunner
36	Jesse Zubot*	Dementia	Drip Audio
37	Catfish Haven	Tell Me	Secretly Canadian
38	The Rapture	Pieces Of The People We Love	Universal
39	Emily Haines And The Soft Skeleton*	Knives Don't Have Your Back	Last Gang
40	Harvey*	Sink Or Swim	Independent
41	The Grates	Gravity Won't Get You High	Cherrytree
42	Daughters	Hell Songs	Hydra Head
43	Nomeansno*	All Roads Lead To Ausfahrt	Airt Acid Audio
44	TV On The Radio	Return To Cookie Mountain	Interscope
45	The Dears*	Gang Of Losers	Maple Music
46	Great Aunt Ida*	How They Fly	Northern Electric
47	Square Root Of Margaret	Cloud Nine Revisited	Srom
48	The Album Leaf	Into The Blue Again	Sub Pop
49	The Sadies*	In Concert: Volume 1	Outside
50	The Cape May*	Glass Mountain Roads	Flemish Eye

INTRODUCING The Friends of CiTR Card

\$5 FOR CITR MEMBERS!
\$15 FOR EVERYONE ELSE!



Show it when you shop!

SPECIALTY

The Regional Assembly of Text, 3934 Main St.
The Bike Kitchen, 6138 Student Union Boul. (UBC)
The Kiss Store, 2512 Watson St.
Free Range Studio, 3278 West Broadway

FOOD

The Eatery, 3431 West Broadway
Slickety Jim's Chat N' Chew, 2513 Main St.

BOOKS

Lucky's Collectibles, 3972 Main St.
Maggie Magazines, 1319 Commercial Dr.
People's Co-op Bookstore, 1391 Commercial Dr.

Rx Comics, 2418 Main St.
Spartacus Books, 319 West Hastings St.

MUSIC

Audiophile, 2016 Commercial Dr.
Beat Street, 439 West Hastings St.
Red Cat Records, 4307 Main St.
Scratch Records, 726 Richards St.
Vinyl Records, 319 West Hastings St.

CLOTHING

Anti-Social, 2425 Main St.
Burcu's Angels, 2535 Main St.



SUPPORTING CITR RADIO JUST GOT EASIER!

BECOME A FRIEND OF CITR, AND GET ACCESS TO DISCOUNTS AND SPECIAL OFFERS AT SOME OF THE HIPPEST ESTABLISHMENTS AROUND TOWN.
DROP BY CITR AND PICK YOURS UP TODAY!



FOR MORE INFO, EMAIL OR CALL US

friends@citr.ca

604.822.1242

www.citr.ca/friends

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA						
10am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVERTON	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am							
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm			GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER EAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm	FILL-IN	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	FILL-IN			
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	WENER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm					PEDAL REVOLUTION		
7pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	UNCOMMON PRACTICE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AFROBEAT	THE CANADIAN WAY	OUR WAVE
8pm		KARASU		AND SOMETIMES WHY	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
9pm	RHYTHMSINDIA		SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	FILL-IN	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW	PLUTONIUM NIGHTS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
11pm	TRANCENDANCE				RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR			
1am			AURAL TENTACLES				
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)

KOL NODEDI (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads on route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia, South Asia, Africa. The Middle East, Europe, Latin America, Gypsy, Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)

Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

(Pop)

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)

TRANCENDANCE (Dance)
Join us in practicing the ancient

art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Shikley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview

with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/ MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitley Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

W.L.N.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARASU (World)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sue, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm:

Nov. 6: Tenor saxophone giant Sonny Rollins in 1955 returned to New York from a time in Chicago drug-free and asserted himself on this album as one of the premier modern saxophonists. "Worktime" also features the great Max Roach on drums. Nov. 13: Today would have been the birthday of a great pianist named Hampton Hawes (born Nov. 13, 1928 and died May 22,

1977). We feature him on a date led by bassist Charles Mingus who brings out the best in Mr. Hawes. Along also is drummer Dannie Richmond who makes it "The Mingus Three". Nov. 20: Underrated Jamaican born trumpeter Dizzy Reece is featured tonight. Dizzy is the sole horn and is backed by a swinging rhythm section with Walter Bishop Jr. (piano), Doug Watkins (bass), and Arthur Taylor (drums). They all contribute to the success of "Soundin' Off!" Nov. 27: Opposites attract and in this case inspire each other and for proof tonight's feature called "Straight Ahead" with Oliver Nelson (alto and tenor saxophone) and Eric Dolphy (alto saxophone and bass clarinet) with arrangements by Nelson and a strong rhythm section featuring drum master Ro Haynes. We end the month

with a bang!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)
All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBED VOICES (World)

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scowls that is Rock and Roll! Deader than the most dangerous criminal!

bornin6stytine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

REAL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

En Avant La Musique se concentre sur le m tissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte   tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the puns, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Eclectic)

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)

PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanSHIP robertrobot@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise)

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word of some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.

SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

JUICEBOX (Talk)

Develop your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

POK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

AFROBEAT (World)
Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the African Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins. myafrobeat@yahoo.com

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SER-VIETTE PRESENTS (Narduar)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)
Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montreal! thecanadianway/gopstar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world. www.africanrhythmsradio.com

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music celebration, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION AMBULATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp blues, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting choice of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin' da beats.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

CiTR Fun-draising

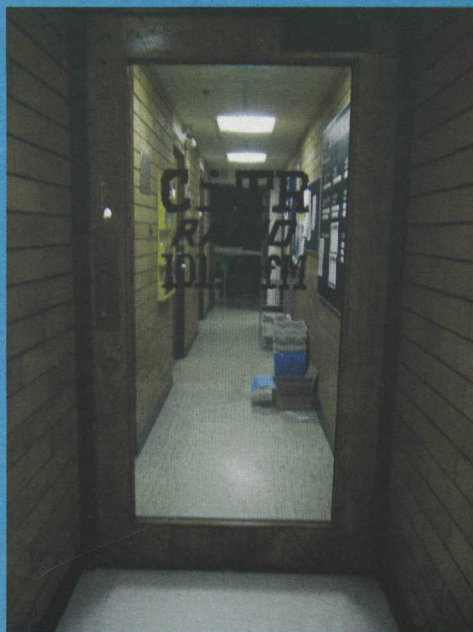
by Alison Benjamin

CITR IS UNIQUE FOR MORE reasons than one. We're one of the oldest campus/community stations in the country. We publish the award-winning *Disorder*, the sector's only monthly independent music magazine, and kickstart local music talent every fall with Shindig, our famous battle of the bands competition at the Railway. We just launched an innovative podcast service. We unleashed Narduar. And until recently, we've been one of the only campus/community radio stations in Canada that hasn't embarked on an on-air fundraising campaign.

From November 10-24th, we at CITR will be kicking off our first-annual on-air funding drive. CITR gets the bulk of its funding from a \$4 student levy run through UBC's student union, the Alma Mater Society. This funding has allowed us to broadcast quality programming sans the kind of corporate advertising commercial radio stations have to rely on. But as radio breaks the digital barrier, the capital costs of digital broadcasting and production equipment has risen enormously. CITR always strives to be accessible in terms of membership, since anyone can volunteer and be trained by us, and in terms of the audiences we serve, since we broadcast a diverse spectrum of radio shows. Following the lead of other indie radio stations, we're launching a funding drive to help us deal with rising costs—so we can continue to deliver quality radio to Vancouver.

During the drive, tune in for special broadcasting, highlighting the best programming CITR has to offer. Volunteer on the phone lines to help us make the drive happen. Call in or log in online to donate between the 10th and the 24th—donating gets your more perks than just a write-off on your taxes. Donors get great prizes ranging from Friends of CITR cards offering discounts at over 18 music, clothing, and specialty stores around Vancouver; CITR limited edition t-shirts designed by local artists Andy Dixon and Dani Vachon; and CDs and prize packs courtesy of labels and promoters we work with such as Mint Records.

So join indie media connoisseurs across the city by supporting CITR during our funding drive. Check out <http://citr.ca/donate.php> for more information about our campaign and how to donate. We hope to hear from you in November!



ZULU'S MUSICAL CHAIRS

Grab a seat and give a listen

BEACH HOUSE

s/t CD

Take a vacation at the *Beach House* away from the hustle and bustle of the city. Let the Baltimore duo of Victoria **Legrand** and **Alex Scally** take you to a new place where slow lazy pop fills the room with organs, slide guitars, reverb, echoes and unforgettable melodies. Our *Beach House* contains memories from past trips, times, and places: '70s Southern California (lunch with **Karen Carpenter**), mid '90s England (star-gazing with **Mazzy Star** no doubt), a weekend at **Warhol's** Factory in New York (shared a cab with **Nico**) and a camping trip in the Appalachians back in 1940 (with a country band at Patsy's). We hope you've enjoyed your stay at our *Beach House*. Please come again.

CD 16.98

SUNNO))) AND BORIS

After CD

The first collaboration between **Southern Lord's** two kings of avant-metal, **Altar** is surely the most eagerly anticipated extreme music release for some time. The wedding of **Sunn O)))**'s brutal drone symphonies with **Boris**'s kaleidoscopic noise results in a wholly unique album that alchemically merges familiar elements of each band's sound into a transcendent, mysterious whole; roaring drones rise and collapse beneath blasts of disorienting, warped forms, the end result a heaving, psychedelic mass that looks set to induce yet more devotees to the shadowy explorations of both acts. The album features various contributions from other artists, including **Sex Sikes**, who provides haunting, melodic vocals on *"Sinking Belle"*; **Kim Thayil** (**Soundgarden**), who contributes some entrancing guitar work to the album closer; and **Joe Preston** (**Earth, Thunder, Thieves**, **High On Fire**), whose psychotic vocal style is present on *"Akuma Kuma"*. The end result is a mind-blowing sludge of cathartic, blurred noise.

CD 16.98

OTHER FINE DESIGN FINDS:

TIM HECKER: Harmony In Ultraviolet CD
WHITE MAGIC: Dat Rosa Mei Apibus CD/LP
SQUAREPUSHER: Hello Everything CD/LP
DOSH: The Lost Take CD
DAMIAN JURADO: And Now That I'm In Your Shadow CD/2LP
THE DECEMBERISTS: The Crane Wife CD/LP
THE EXPLODING HEARTS: Shatter CD
WOLF PARADE: 2nd EP CDEP
THE MAKE UP: In Film On Video DVD
BUILT TO SPILL: Up In Reverse LP now!
BONOBOS: Days to Come CD/LP
HAPPY KRETER: That Great War CD
FINM: Biscuits for Breakfast CD/LP
THE EVENS: Get Evens CD Ian McKay
CALIFONE: Roots & Crows CD
PORTASTATIC: Be Still Please CD
BORIS POLLARD: Normal Happiness CD
THE GOTTIC ARCHES: The Tragic Treasury CD
BLOOD BROTHERS: Young Machetes CD
PERNICE BROTHERS: Live a Little CD
 PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL NOVEMBER 30, 2006

BRIGHT EYES

Noise Floor CD

If you are a major **Bright Eyes** fan like me you will certainly be tickled pink about the approaching release of **Conor Oberst's** cutting room floor recordings: **Noise Floor** collects selected **Bright Eyes** singles, one-offs, unreleased tracks, collaborations and covers between 1999 and 2005. Various recordings to cassette four-track, minidisc, reel-to-reel, tape machine, ADAT and computer, these songs trace **Bright Eyes** evolution from basement project to band of international reputation. Many of these gems previously lost to out-of-print obscurity are hereby resurrected. Each song has a history of obscurity, check out the liner notes. This is a must listen for any fan — or folk who wants to know what's going on!

CD 16.98

PAVEMENT

Wowee

Zowee: Sordid Sentinels 2CD

Some people say that **Sven Anderson** listened to this original 1995 **Pavement** masterpiece a magnitude of times before storyboard **Battle Hockett**. Man, those were crazy good years. You could make movies, music and art without the media getting in your face. You could ask a girl or guy out on a date without having to check yourself first. You could speak freely in a street slang and make it sound like poetry. You could cut yr hair cheaply and come out of there with a Walkman on singing "Fight This Generation". Well today at Zulu you can relive this glory era in indie rock while picking up this loaded 2CD release — features all the b-sides, rarities, live recordings and studio jams from **Malkmus** and co.'s formative years! Let's say that again! Fifty tracks in all, with 18 unreleased recordings, four compilation tracks, nine non-album b-sides, and five BBC Evening Session Tracks. As a bonus we've arranged for all fans to WOW OUT! Come by and get a free poster, a free T-shirt and a free download of a rare live show! AVAILABLE NOV. 7th PLEASE NOTE WE ONLY HAVE LIMITED QUANTITIES OF THE BONUS WOW OUT! STUFF

2CD 16.98

DESTROYER

We'll Build Them A Golden Bridge CD

I recently was in New York on business and my eye sight went fuzzy. When the Ophthalmologist I consulted with discovered that I was from Vancouver, he inquired if I was familiar with the music of **Destroyer**. Naturally, I was. Then, as if to distract me from the mental anxiety associated with preparing for an emergency retinal cryosurgery, he began entertaining me with stories of the early days (elementary school) of **Daniel Bejar**. Turns out that this **Bejar** character had a "knack for words" from an early age and was frequently asked by his teacher to read his stories out to the class. These stories now are part of the oral tradition associated with growing up in Richmond and no doubt will one day be resurrected with a lengthy introduction from the Ophthalmologist. In the meantime, see clearly and check out **Bejar's** latest back story — the release of his fabled first 4-track recordings: "It doesn't get any better than this, Kill your first born. Destroy the norm. Revolution, revolution, revolution."

CD 12.98

THE WINKS

Birthday Party CD

Are you going to be where when they make the drop? When the pills crackle and egg yolk fills the city streets? No wiggin, no squiggin, you are not alone at this birthday party. **Todd** and **Tyr** are at the table. **Sideways Winks** **Tim** and **Paul** and **Jesse** and **Andy** are around too — let's sing! An elegant blend of modern clever with an old-world charm, **Birthday Party** glistens with a timeless yet quirky pop panache. Primarily cello, mandolin, vocals, and percussion. **The Winks** are entirely void of any of the instruments traditionally used within rock music. Yet the delivery is easily **The Winks** most rock performance, grand and driving. The structure, song writing, and execution suggests a contemporary and pop spirit, rich with "hooks". However, **Birthday Party** is, no doubt, the darkest of **The Winks** creative output, slanting the album title towards a moodier implication; a birthday party representing the overwhelming, daunting, and powerful sensation of growing older; celebratory, yet severe. It is an exploration of the bitter-sweet act of life itself.

CD 14.98

NO LUCK CLUB

Dexterity CD

Vancouver's **Chan** brothers have out done themselves yet again! **Dexterity** is an eclectic, genre-smashing sonic collage comprised of four musical suites. The album begins with brooding, cinematic fare (the Hong Kong gangster noir of "Triad Dance") and the melancholy "Better Times Will Come", switches to an upbeat groove (the hard funk of "Turnabout on the Bayou") and the Bollywood-inspired "Don't Let Chance", takes an introspective twist (historic tales of Chinese Canadian racism on "Our Story") and concludes with an epic smorgasbord of latin rhythms ("Miles Ritmo no Carnaval"). Prosperity is also the second chapter of a planned trilogy of recordings inspired by the Chinese deity symbolizing luck and good fortune. A self-proclaimed strange brew of electronic hip hop, jazz-funk, scratching, tall tales and humour, no luck club is as idiosyncratic, project seeking a place in today's progressive music culture. No wonder why they are the toast of URB, Time Out New York and AP1! Hurrah!

CD 14.98

BERT JANSCH

The Black Swan CD

Perhaps you have a crazy unkempt uncle who passes his days alternately tinkering in the garage with his beloved beat up Austin Healey as well as on the well worn Martin D-35 flat top guitar. If you do, you are very lucky as chances are this kin member will be best able to bring you up to speed on the music career of 1980's British folk icon **Bert Jansch**. Sure, you could share tea with dudes like **Jimmy Page** and **Neil Young** who have both acknowledged how **Jansch's** work was the benchmark for cool. Save yourself the awkward doodle — slick with your uncle and take a drive through Dunbar blasting **Jansch's** latest **The Black Swan**. You might even be able to school him with some dirt on **Jansch's** great musicians such as **Beth Orton**, **Deveraux Bachelard** and members of groups such as **Esperanza** and **Mazzy Star!** Recommended.

CD 16.98

IMMACULATE MACHINE

les uns mais pas les autres CD

Hats off to Mint Records' **Immaculate Machine** for undertaking such a gorgeous study in the bilingual potential of indie rock! Ok. Having toured their asses off through every continent, this Victoria based 3 piece power pop outfit featuring **New Pornographer** **Kathryn Calder**, show us what they do to unwind — include an impulsive feeling in the band to re-interpret some of the songs from their amazing Mint debut *"Ones and Zeros"*. Initially there were some musical hurdles to be dealt with. Having to change the vocal structures to accommodate the translation led to the introduction of some new musical styles for the band to explore. This changed some of the songs into a more laid-back performance, even a hint of lounge in some cases! The result is *"Les Uns Mais Pas Les Autres"*, (what we call **The French EP**) an imaginative take on some of **Immaculate Machine's** existing songs, taking the familiar chords of live show favourites such as *"Broken Ship"* and *"So Cynical"* and turning them into new experience musically as well as linguistically. What's next? Latin?

CD 9.98

OCTOBERMAN

Laguardia CD

Having recently shared the Commodore stage alongside **Howlsy Workman**, **Marc Morrisette** is a.k.a. **Octoberman** has been steadily building a reputation as one of this country's finest singer-songwriters! Having just packed his suitcase full of this his latest acoustic release *"Les Uns Mais Pas Les Autres"*, he is certain — **Morrisette's** unique voice will no longer be a Canadian best kept secret! Featuring seven acoustic songs culled from three different sessions **Morrisette's** **Laguardia EP** was originally intended to be a CD-R to be sold in live performances, but local impresario **Ryder** of **White-Whale** records knew when he had gold in his pan and deemed the songs as too good to not be released. Standouts like "I'm not drunk" and "Intoxicant" make **Marc** seem like this generation's **Lightfoot**!

CD 10.98

JOANNA NEWSOME

Ys CD/2LP

Those that doubt the presence of "poetry" in contemporary pop, need listen to this album. Those that confuse night and day with milk and honey need listen to this album. Those that have spent a night in the jail of contemporary radio need listen to this album. Those that still haven't found their number one record of 2006 need listen to this record. Those who dreamed of **Albini** working with **Orbwinke** while working with **Van Dyke Parks**, they too need listen to this album. Those who in their last life were snail's transported by monkeys on to the beaches of future fantasy writer's dreams; need to listen to this record. Those who wonder how "There are a lot of invocations of harvest, fecundity, root, livestock, domestication, flooding, property lines, etc. And the other nature represented in these songs is a gaping, cosmic one; not close, not familiar, not harmless, not knowable. Like standing in a dark field at night, smelling the fruits on the ground and hearing the sighing animals but not seeing in their last life only seeing the big, dark, swallowing sky" will translate into beauty, need listen to this amazing record. Most fast swallows! AVAILABLE NOV. 14th

CD16.98 2LP 24.98



ZULU PROVERBS THROUGH THE TYPOGRAPHY OF MUSIC
 SET BY FULLOUTFIT AN EMERGING DESIGN COLLECTIVE
 NOVEMBER 3RD TO DECEMBER 3RD 2006
 ZULU RECORDS 1972 W. 4th AVENUE VANCOUVER



Zulu Records
 1972-1976 W 4th Ave
 Vancouver, BC
 tel 604.738.2322
 www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS
 Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
 Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
 Sat 9:30 - 6:30
 Sun 12:00 - 6:00